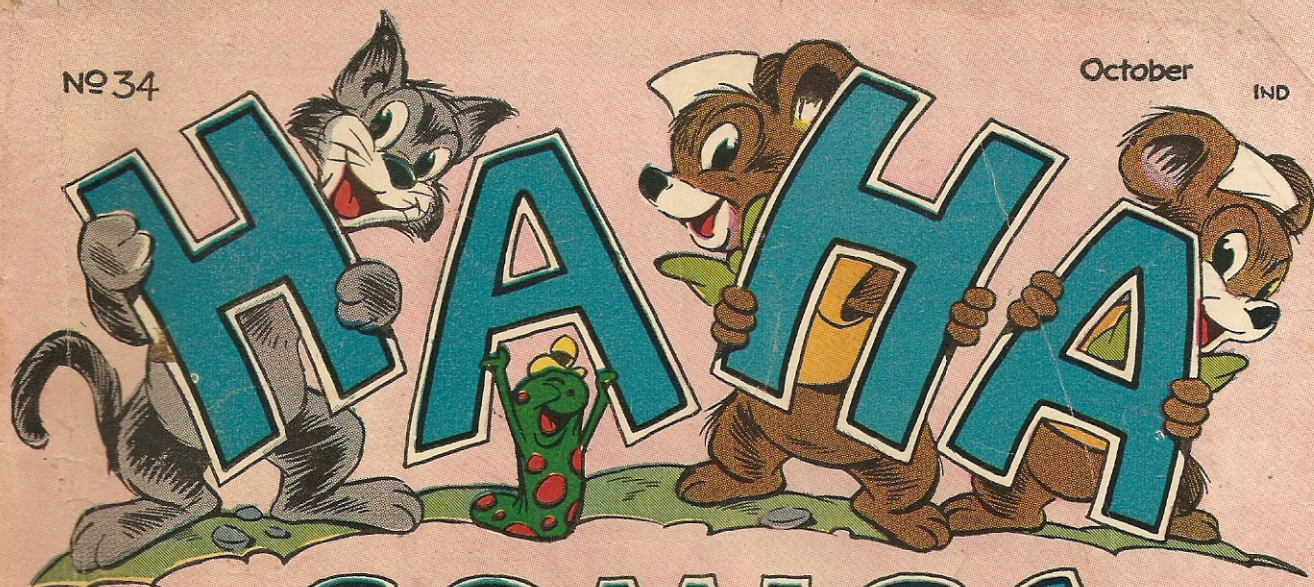


№ 34

October

IND



COMICS

10¢



featuring
"TEET and DIZZY"
and the
MAGIC LAMP



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Funny? IT'S A RIOT!

**A TORNADO OF
GIGGLES--AN EARTH-
QUAKE OF MIRTH!
AND ALL IN THAT
HEP, HOWL-PRODUC-
ING MAGAZINE
THAT'S GOT EVERY-
ONE TALKING...
AND LAUGHING!**

**IT'S STREAMLINED
FOR SMILES!**

So remember...
YOURS FOR GIGGLES
-- and
RESERVE
YOUR COPY
NOW!



only
10¢

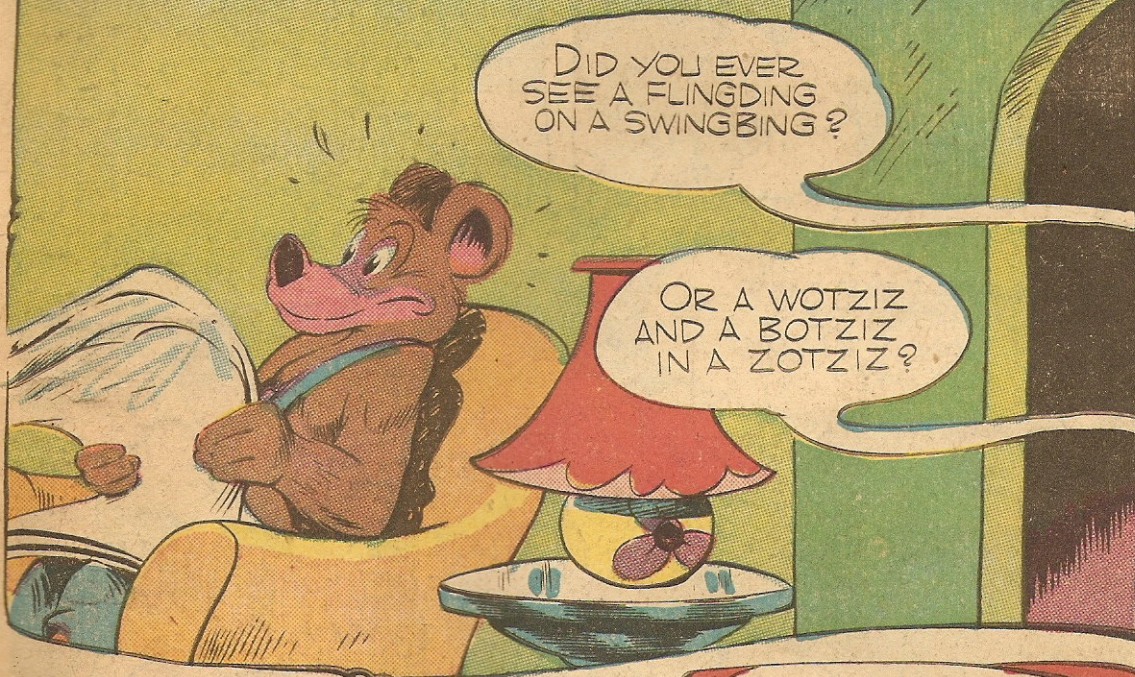
GIGGLE COMICS

Featuring **THE GREAT
SUPERKATT!**



TILLY and DIZZY

by
KEN HULTGREN



DID YOU EVER
SEE A FLINGDING
ON A SWINGBING?

OR A WOTZIZ
AND A BOTZIZ
IN A ZOTZIZ?



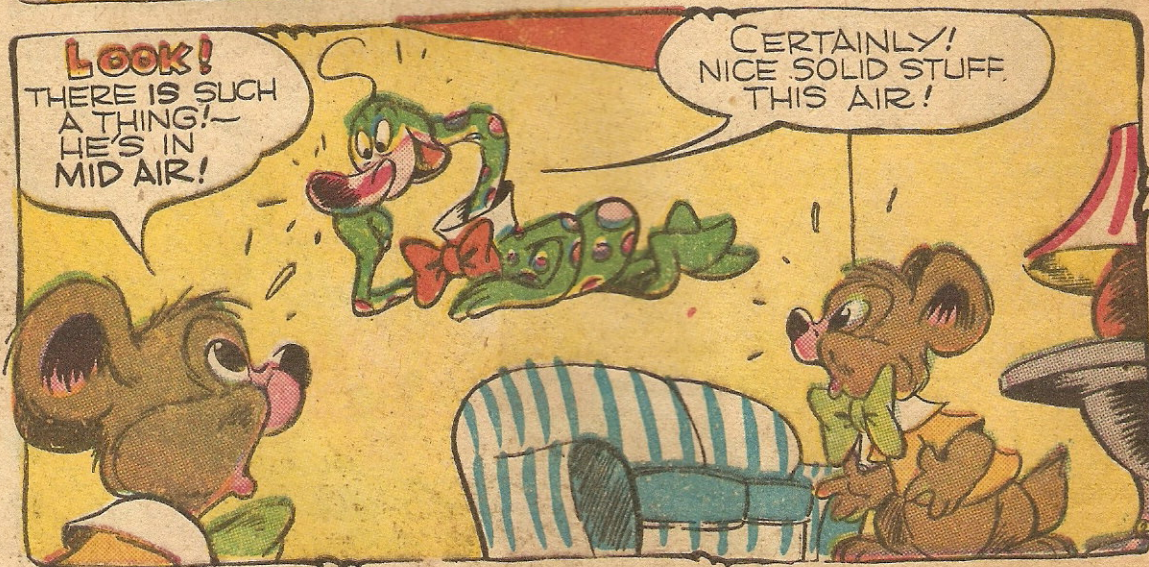
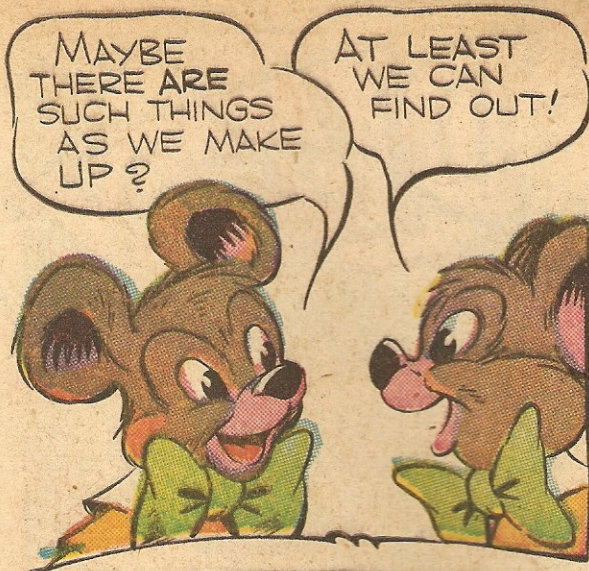
WHAT KIND OF
DOUBLE TALK IS
THAT?

IT'S FUN!~
YOU CAN MAKE
UP ANYTHING!



DID YOU EVER
SEE A BLUMLEBERRY
IN A WADDLE POOL?

SILLY FOOLISHNESS,
I CALL IT!





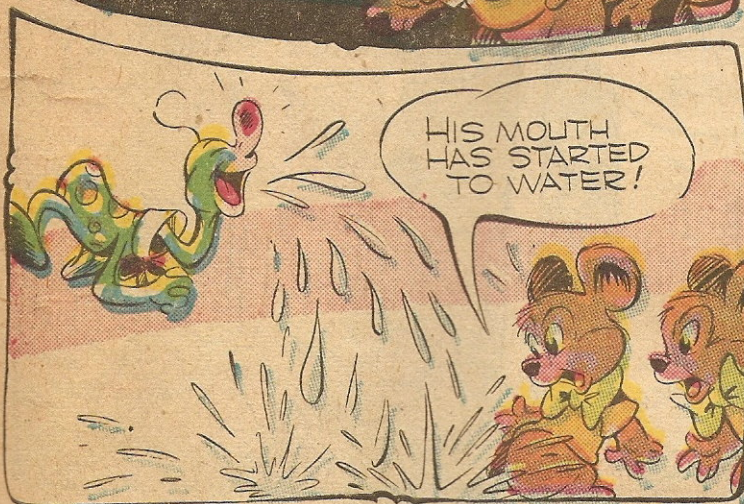
I'M HUNGRY!
HOW ABOUT
SOME NICE
FRIED TELEPHONE?

FRIED TELEPHONE??

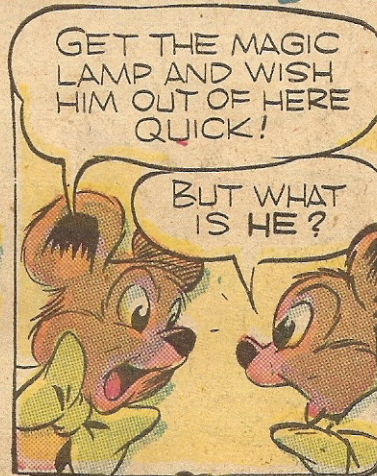


SURE! SEASONED
WITH A DASH OF
COBBLE STONES
AND TIN CANS!

JUST THINKING
OF IT MAKES
MY MOUTH
WATER!

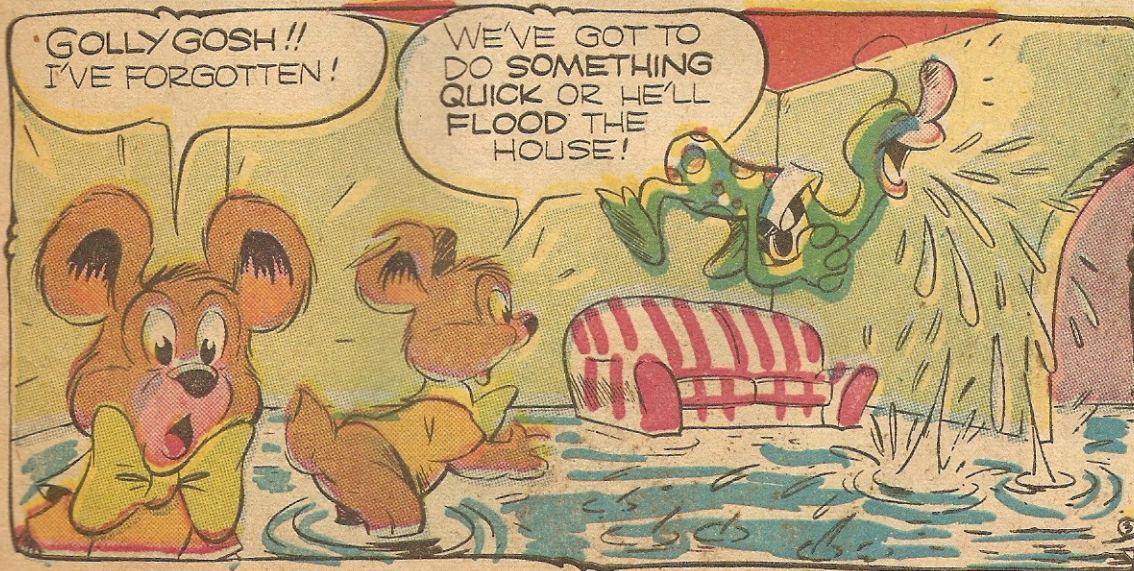


HIS MOUTH
HAS STARTED
TO WATER!



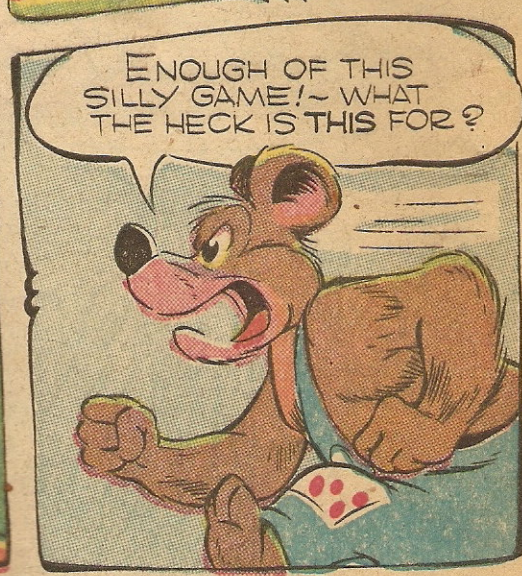
GET THE MAGIC
LAMP AND WISH
HIM OUT OF HERE
QUICK!

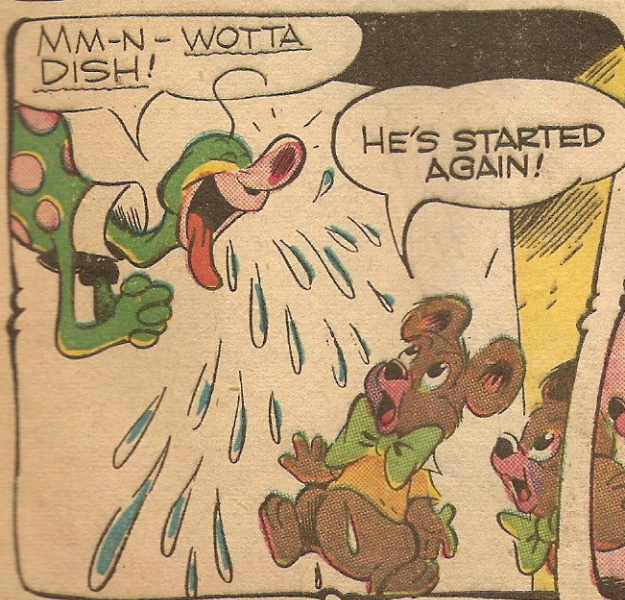
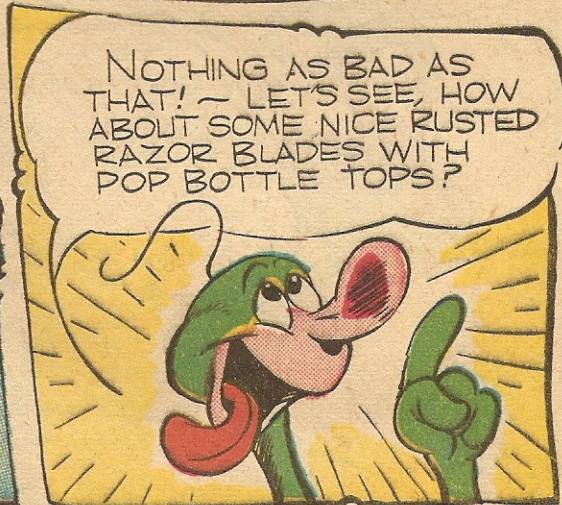
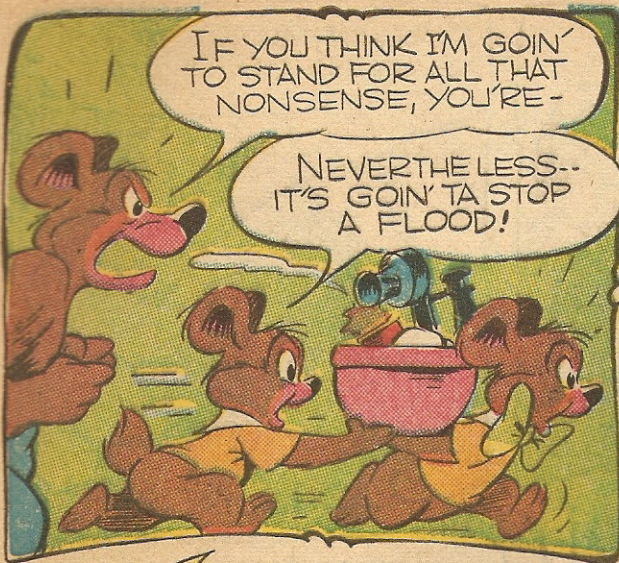
BUT WHAT
IS HE?

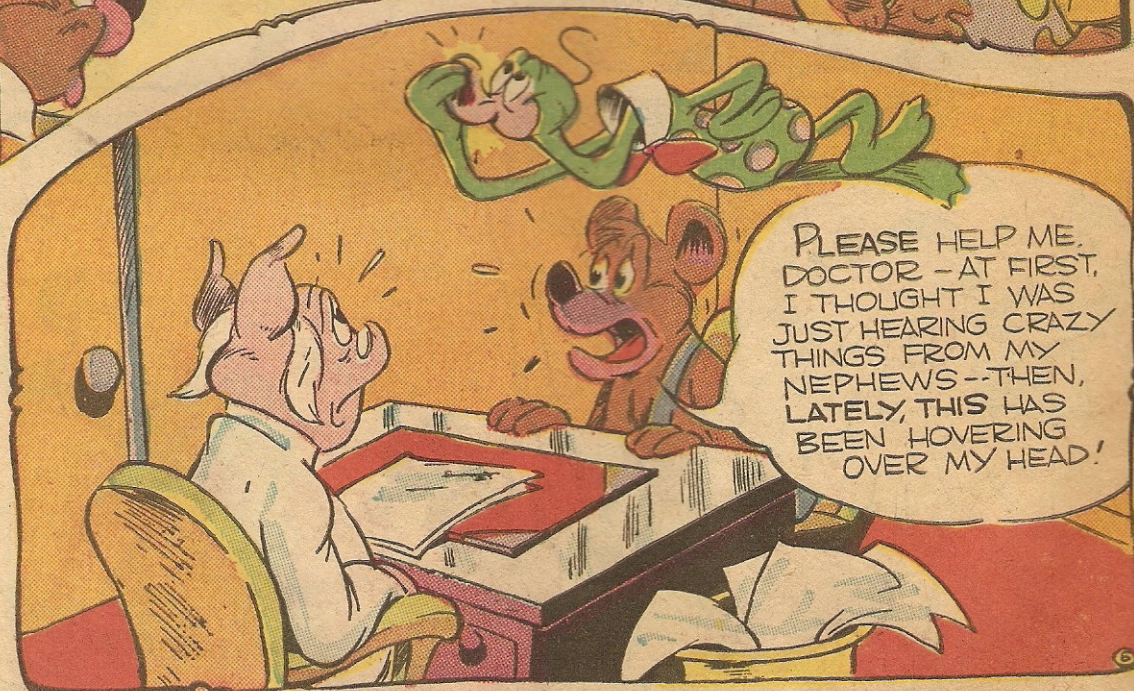


GOLLY GOSH!!
I'VE FORGOTTEN!

WE'VE GOT TO
DO SOMETHING
QUICK OR HE'LL
FLOOD THE
HOUSE!





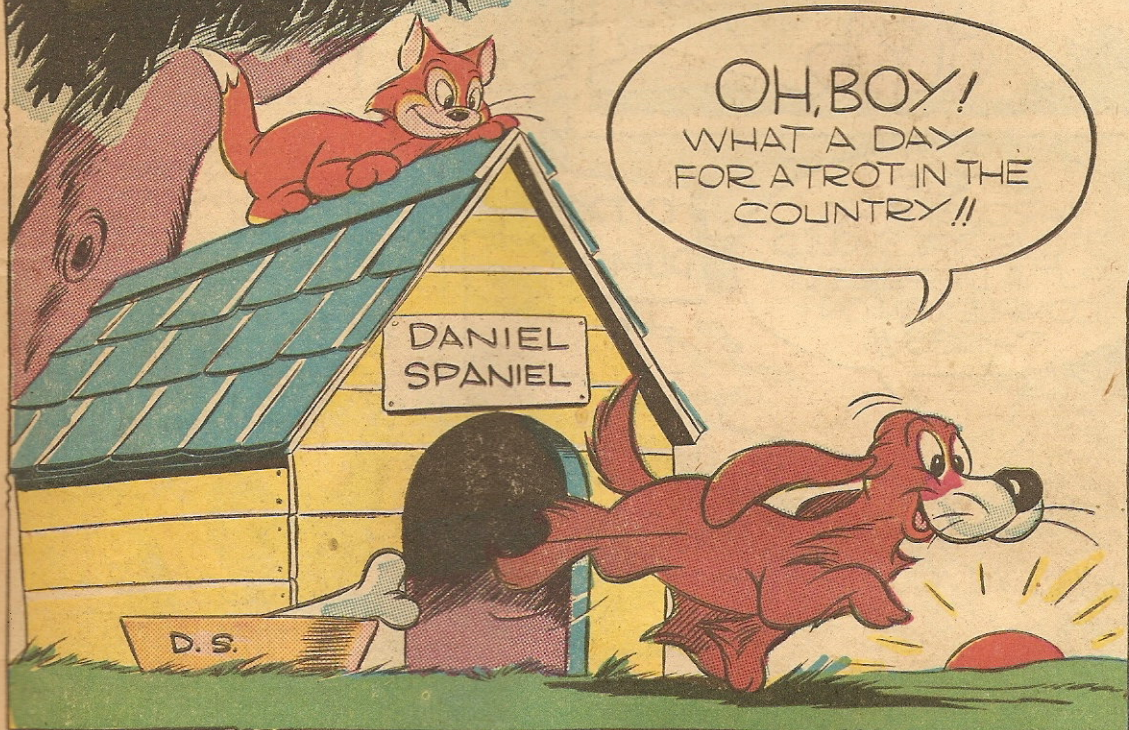


DANIEL SPANIEL

IN THE

"HAUNTED DOG HOUSE"

STORY BY - JACK COSGRIFF
DRAWN BY - BOB WICK



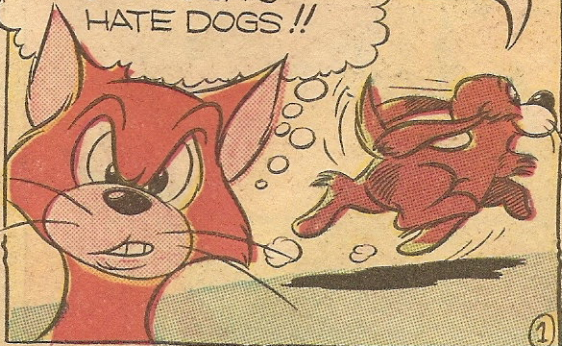
GOOD MORNING, RED!
I'M NOT GOING TO CHASE
YOU TODAY, AS I AM
GOING FOR A TROT
IN THE COUNTRY!

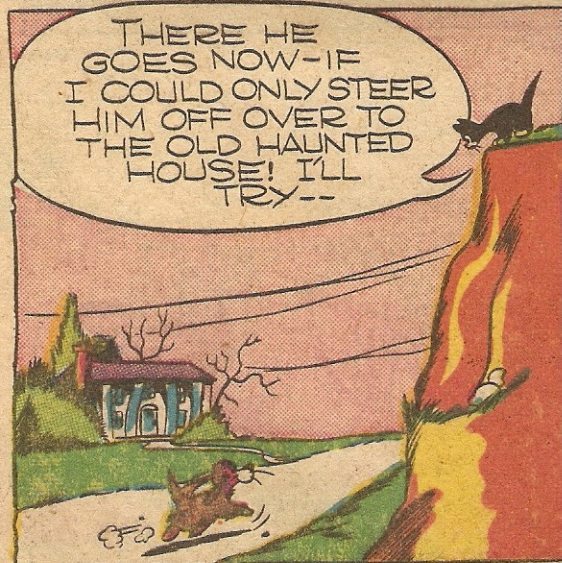
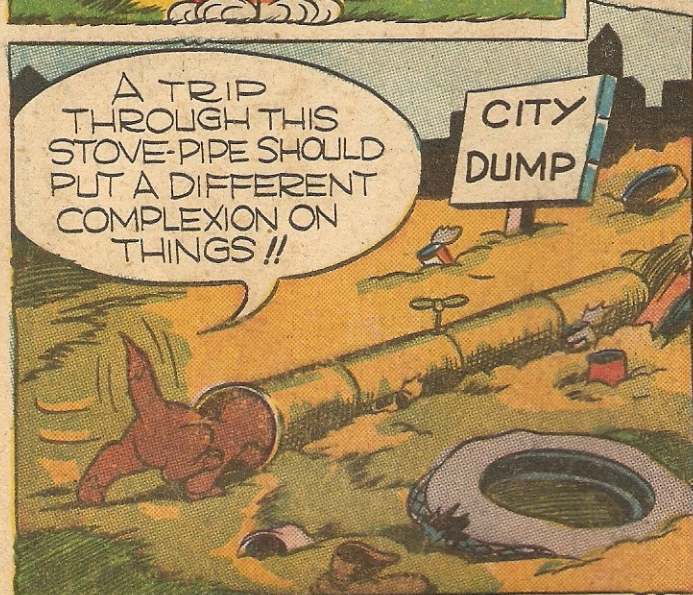
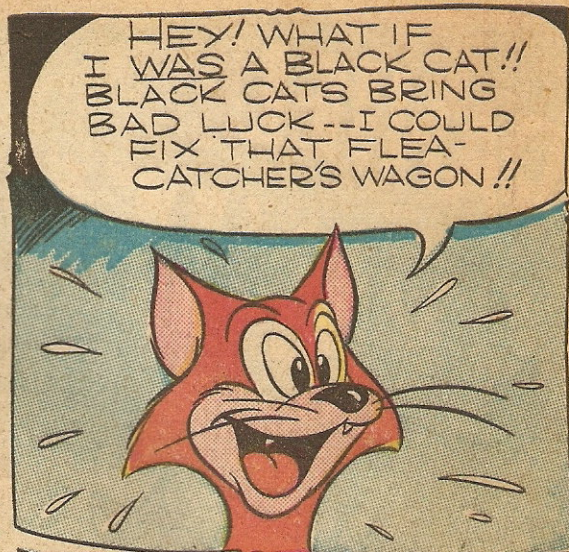
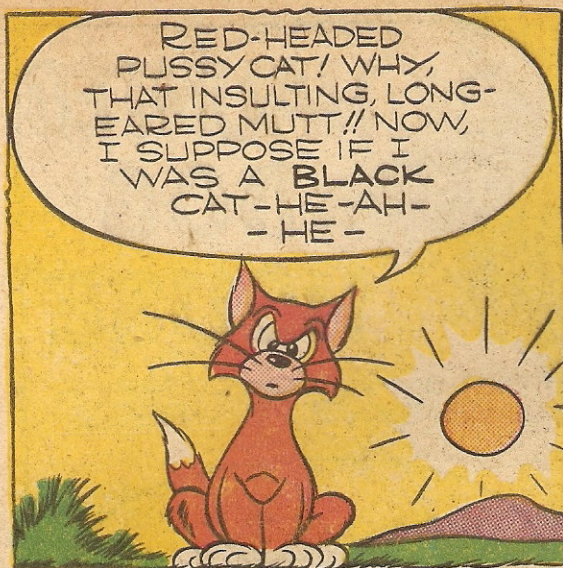
THAT SOUNDS
WONDERFUL, DAN!
CAN I COME
ALONG??

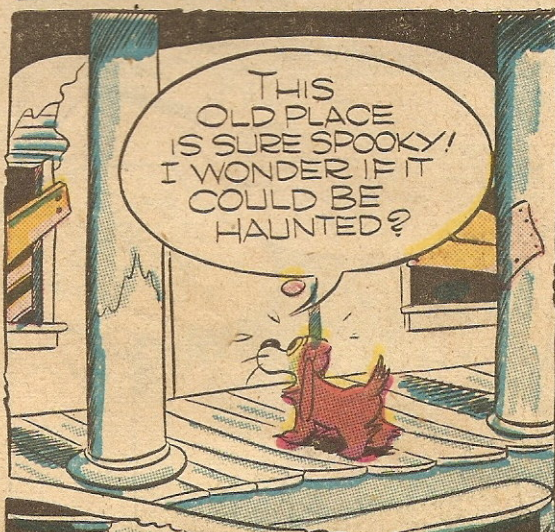
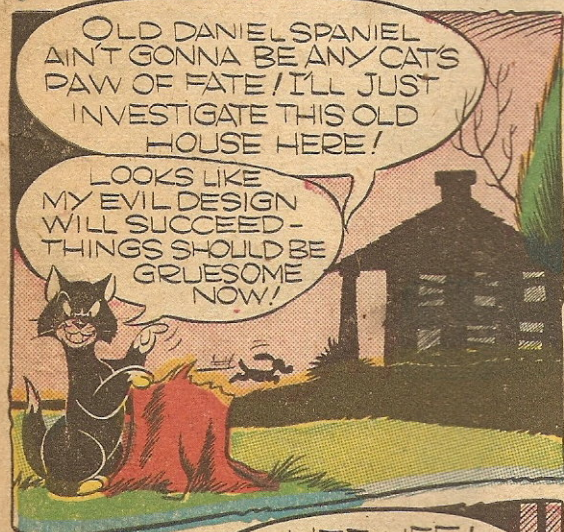
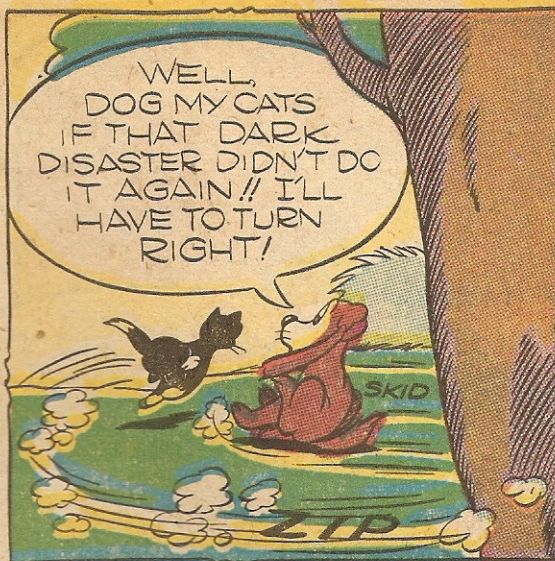


OF COURSE NOT! I CAN'T
AFFORD TO BE SEEN RUNNING
AROUND WITH A RED-HEADED
PLUSSY CAT! S'LONG,
RED!!

NO
WONDER CATS
HATE DOGS!!

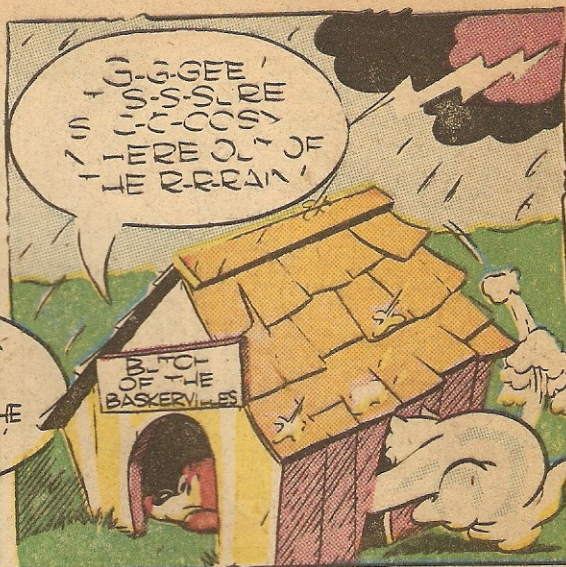








UHM, THE
DOG THAT USED TO
LIVE HERE WAS
NAMED "BUTCH OF THE
BASKERVILLES"



G-G-GEE!
S-S-SURE
I-C-OOSY
HERE OUT OF
THE BERRAIN!



BEG
PARDON
WHAT DID
YOU SAY?



I SAID
I DIDN'T
SUPPOSE THERE
WAS SUCH A
THING AS A-A-
SAY WHO ARE
YOU??

OH
JUST
CALL ME
BUTCH!



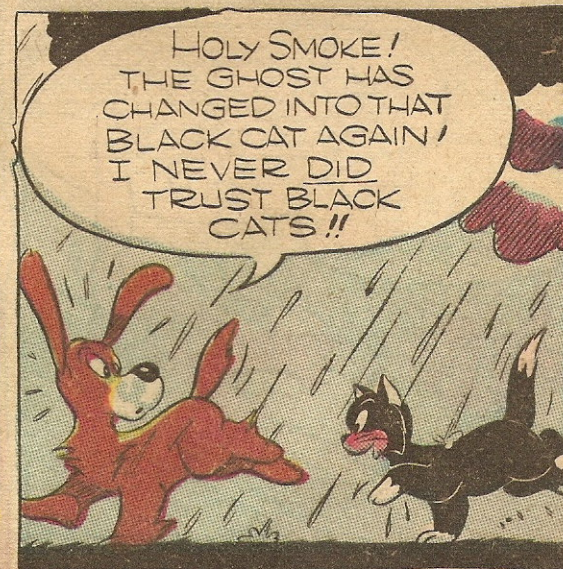
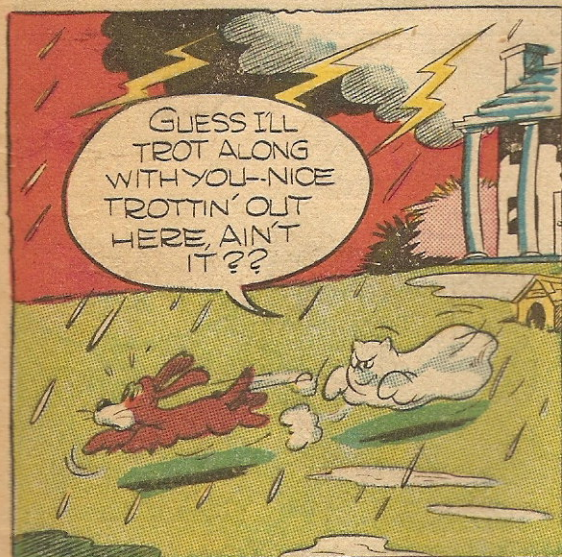
NANNICE
KNOWIN YOU,
B-B-BUTCH!
D-D-DO YOU
L-L-LIVE
HERE??

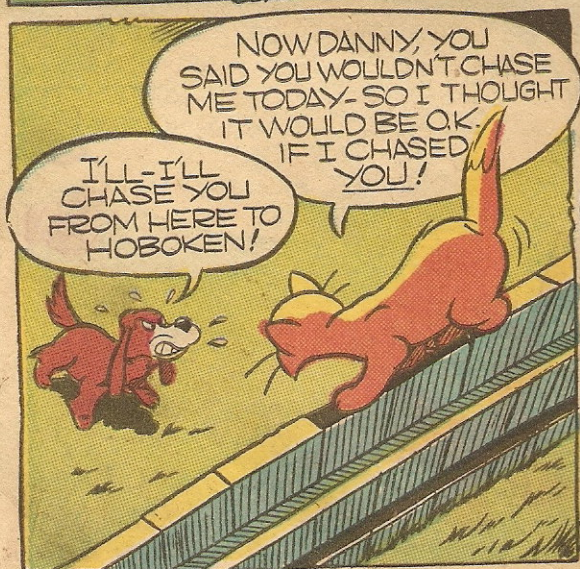
WELL
NOW, I WOULDN'T
SAY I EXACTLY
LIVE HERE - I
DID LIVE HERE
ABOUT A
HUNDRED
YEARS AGO!



HA-ER, AH,
D-D-DOGS
D-D-DON'T
L-L-LIVE
THAT
LONG!!

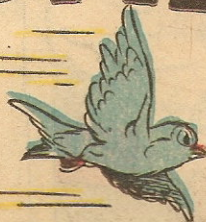
NO -
THAT'S RIGHT!
DOGS DON'T
LIVE THAT
LONG!





ROBESPIERRE

BOY! I WISH
I WUZ A BIRD,
SO I COULD
SWOOP AROUND!



HEY-
LOOK!

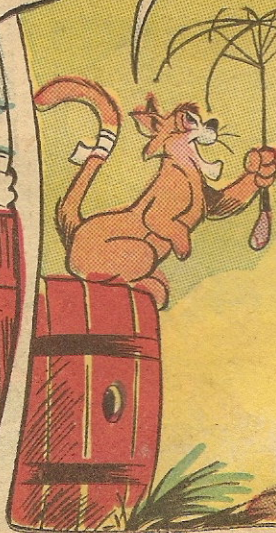
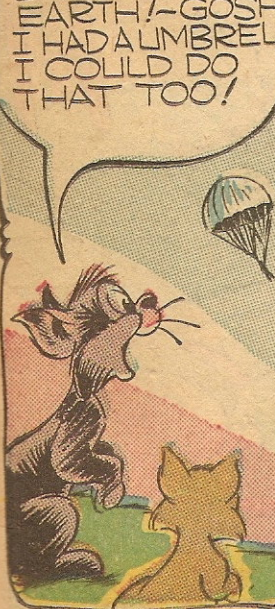


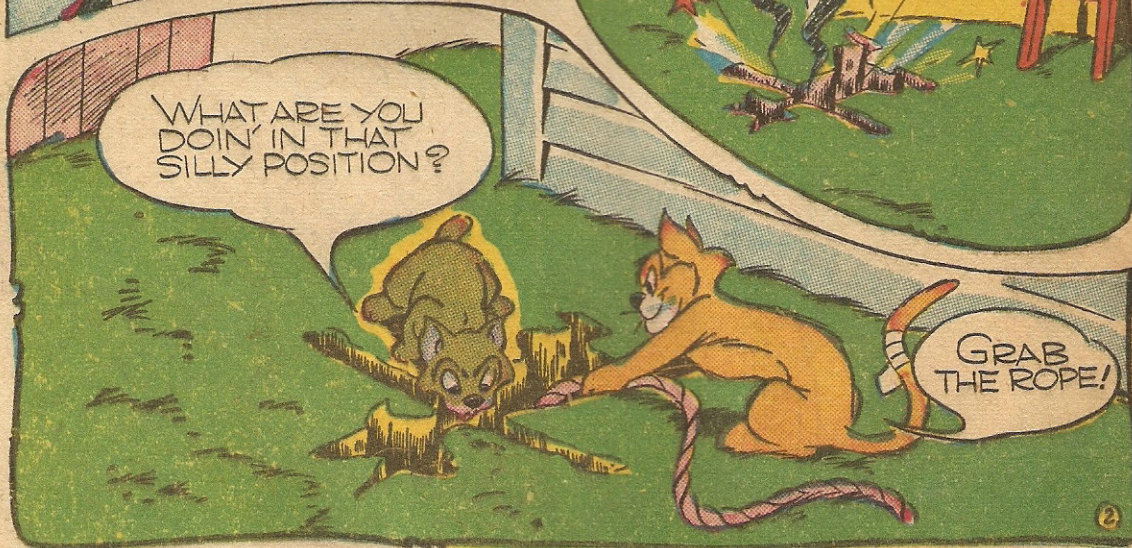
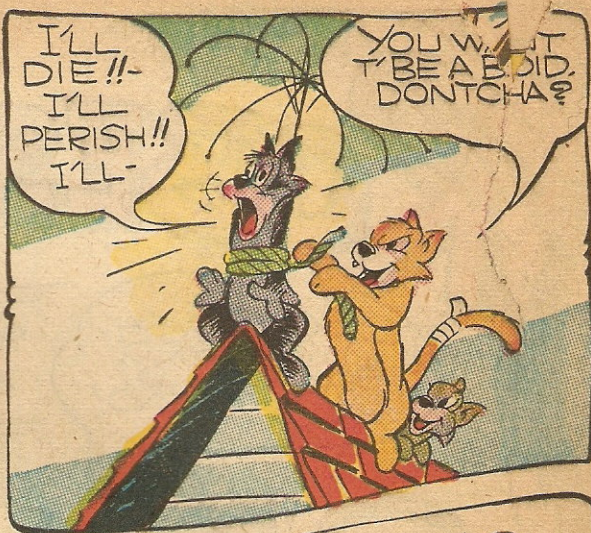
I'LL BET THAT
MAN FEELS LIKE A
BIRD FALLIN' DOWN TO
EARTH!~GOSH!~IF
I HAD A UMBRELLA,
I COULD DO
THAT TOO!

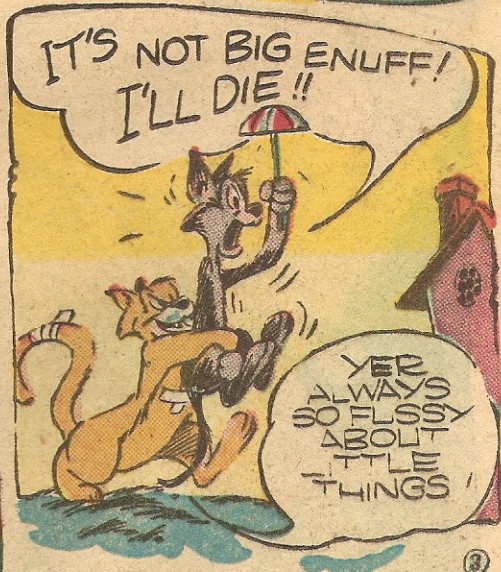
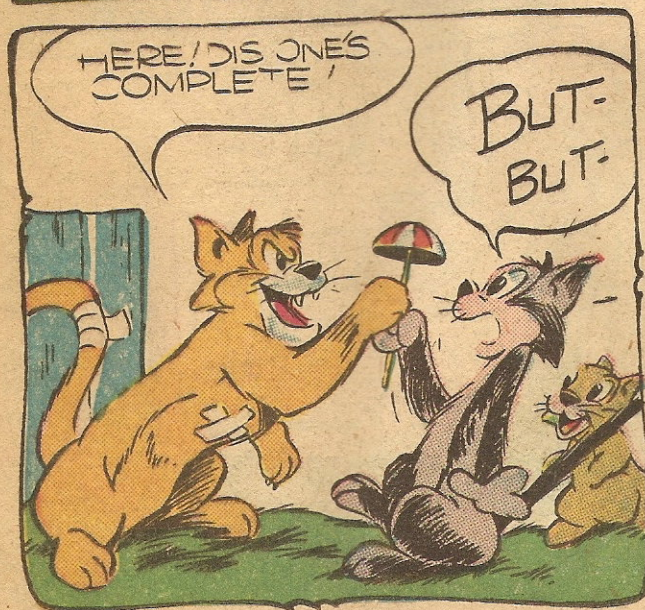
I THINK
I CAN FIX
YOU UP!

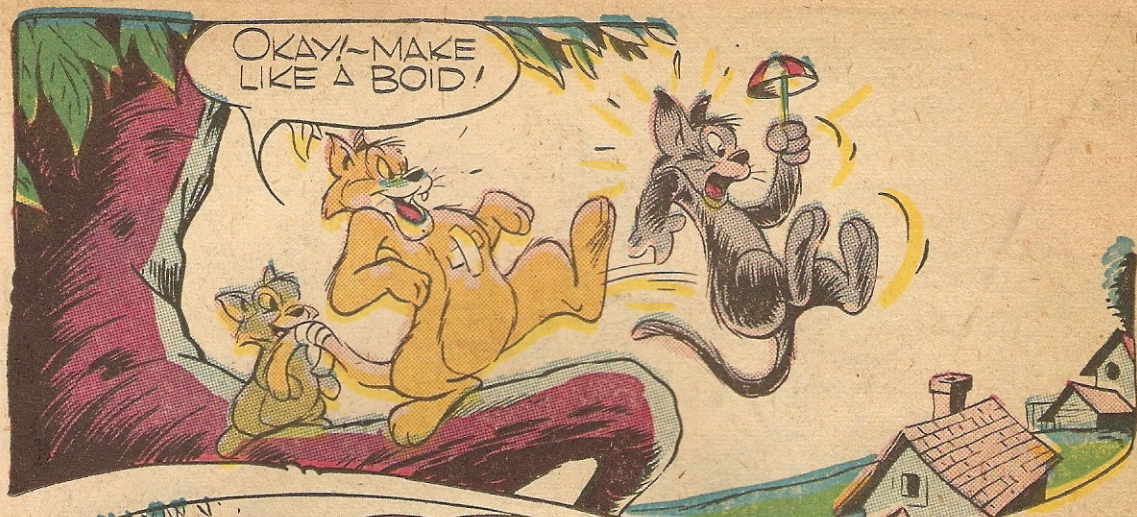
YEP! HERE IT IS!
A PARACHUTE
OF YER OWN!

BUT-BUT
THAT
UMBRELLA
HASNT ANY
CLOTH IN IT!









OKAY!~MAKE
LIKE A BOID!



IT'S GETTIN'
MONOTONOUS!

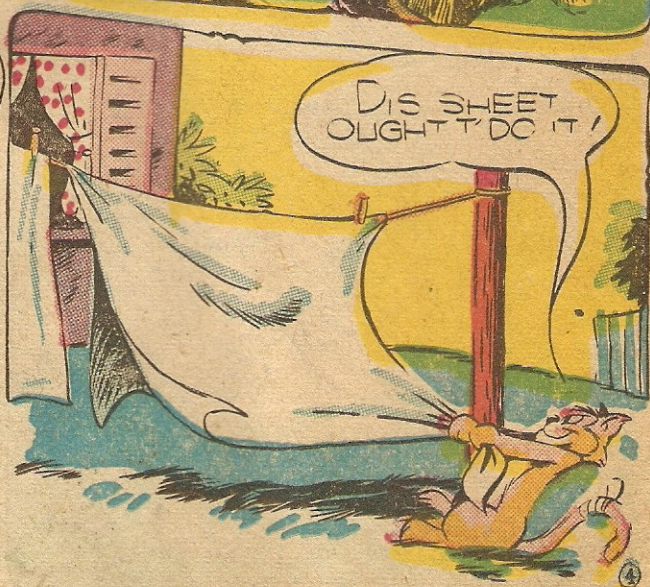


CHIN UP!~WE'RE
ALL THROUGH!

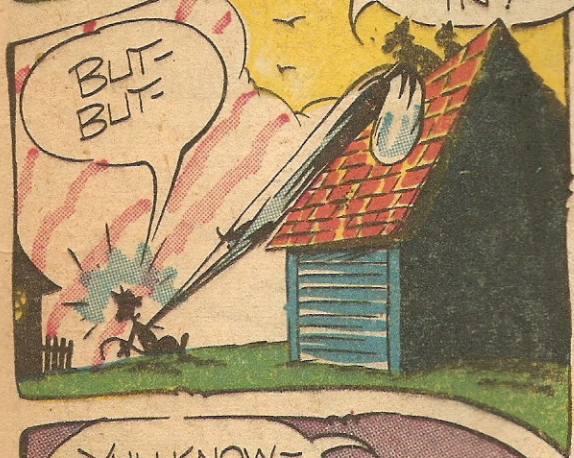
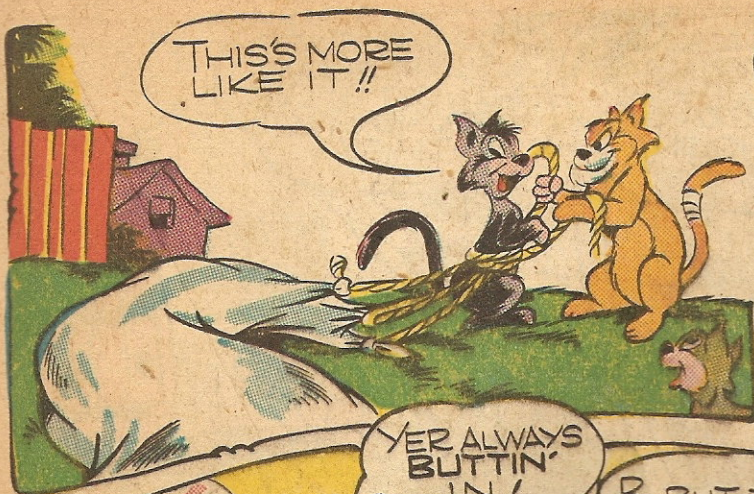
HONEST?

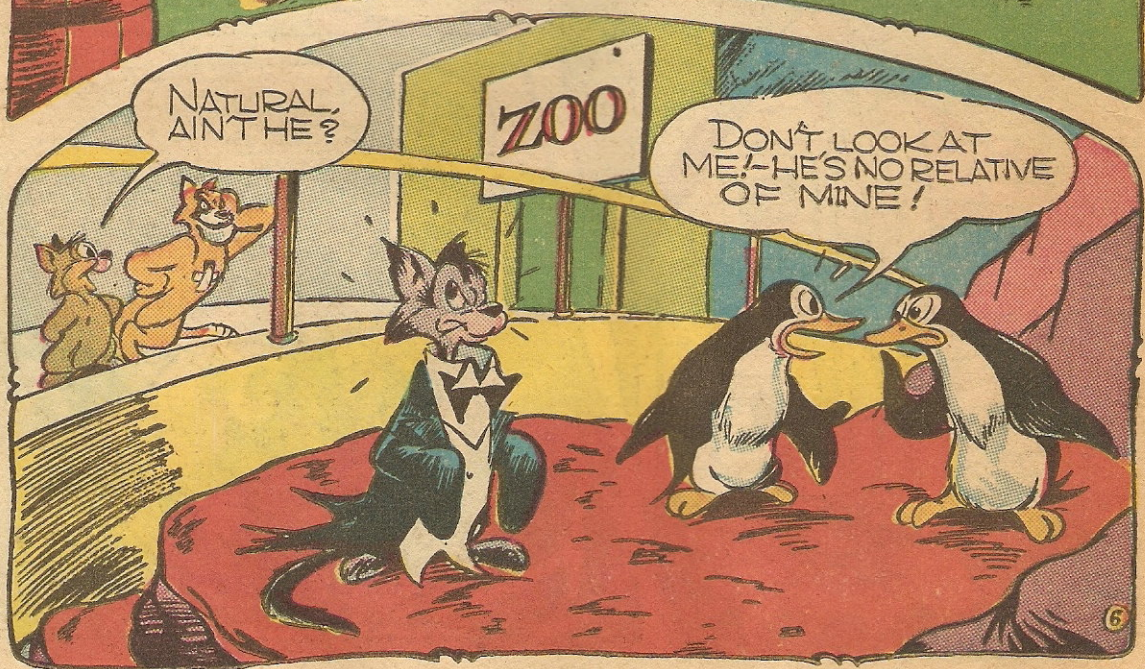
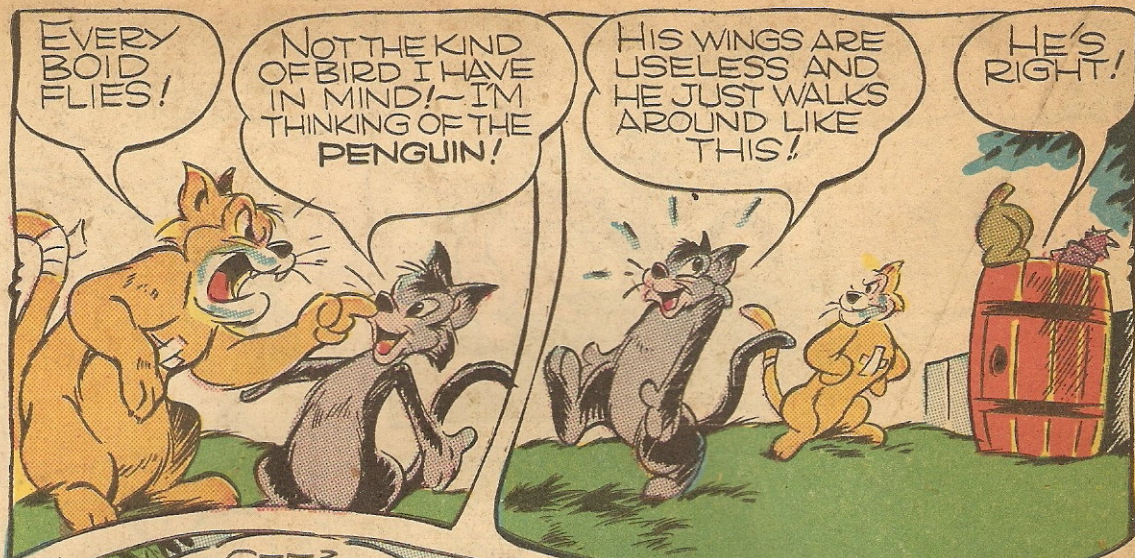


YEP!THROUGH
WID LITTLE ONES
- NOW TO MAKE
A BIG ONE!



DIS SHEET
OUGHTT'DO IT!

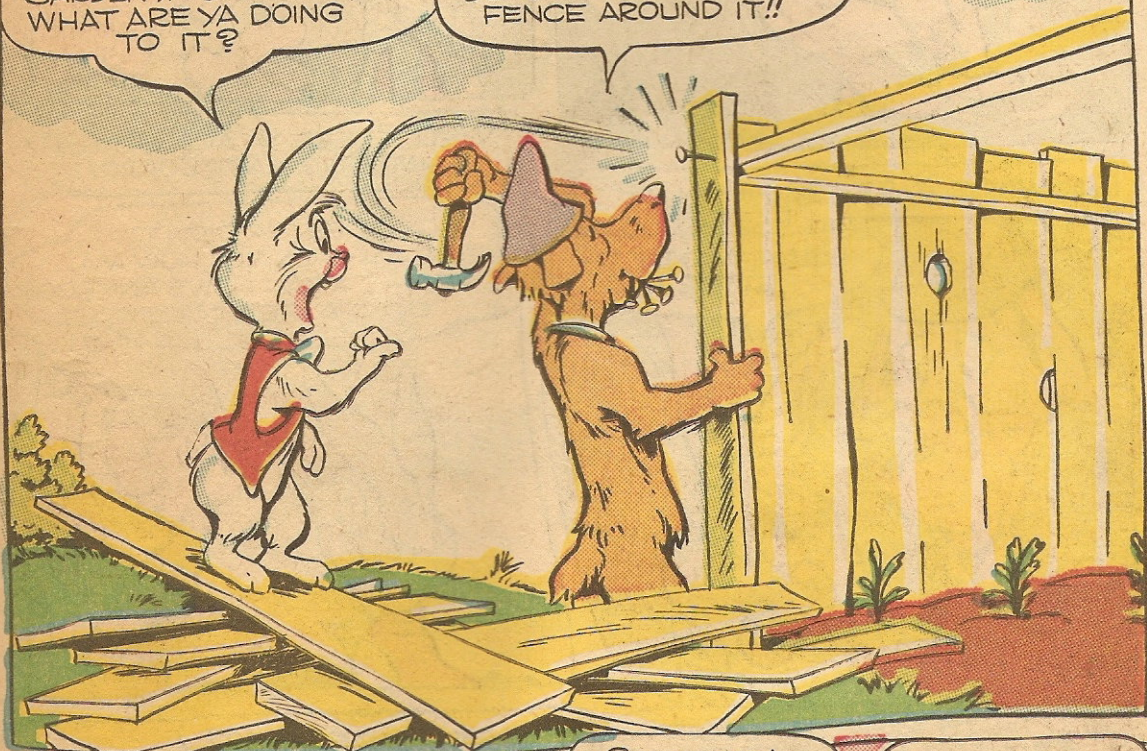




GRABBIT O'RABBIT AND HOSMER HOUND

HEY, HOSMER, NICE-LOOKIN' GARDEN YA GOT THERE, BUT WHAT ARE YA DOING TO IT?

'LO, GRABBIT! I'M BUILDIN' A HIGH, SMOOTH FENCE AROUND IT!!

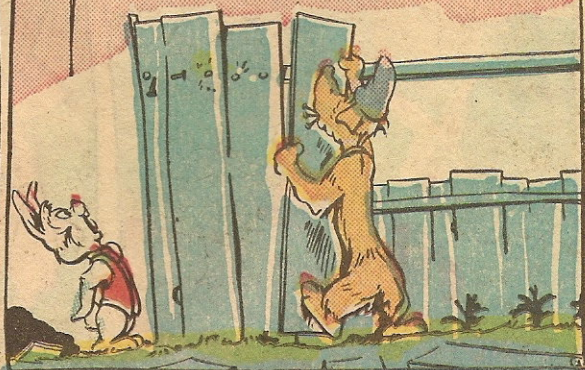
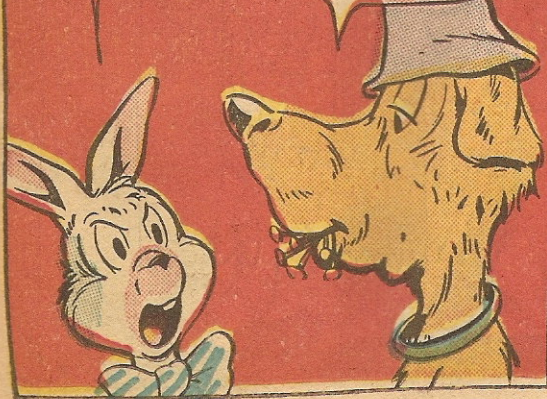


YEAH, BUT WHAT CHA BUILDIN' THE FENCE FOR?

SOMEBODY'S BEEN STEALIN' MUH CARROTS-- AN' I'M GONNA CATCH HIM!

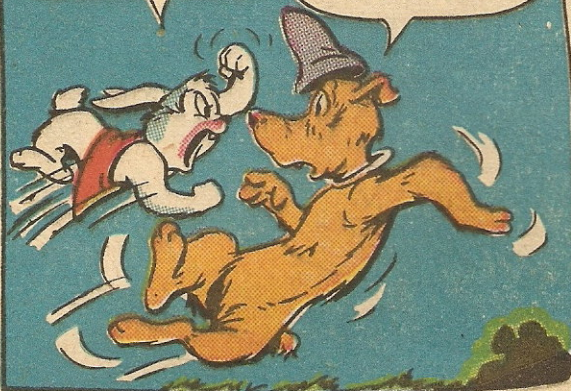
SORT OF A TRAP, HUH? AIN'T IT KINDA HIGH?

YEAH, THAT'S SO'S YA CAN'T JUMP OVER IT!



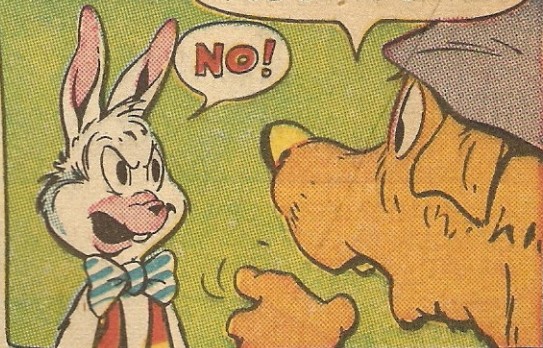
DO YOU MEAN
TO IMPLY THAT
I'M THE CULPRIT?

OH NO, GRABBIT!
NOW, WAIT A
MINUTE, LET
ME EXPLAIN!



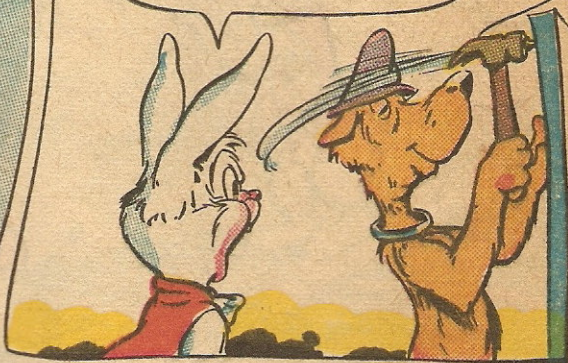
WHEN I SAID "YOU", I DIDN'T MEAN
YOU PERSONALLY, I MEANT "YOU"
MEANING "ANYBODY" OR "EVERYBODY."
YOU UNDERSTAND?

NO!



WELL, THERE YA ARE, GRABBIT!
THAT'S THE LAST BOARD!

YA DOPE! YA DIDN'T
LEAVE AN OPENING! HOW AM
I--ER--I MEAN HOW'S ANYBODY
GONNA GET IN?



GEE! THAT'S RIGHT! I FORGOT
ALL ABOUT IT! MAYBE I'D BETTER
PULL ONE OF THE BOARDS OFF!

SURE, YA CAN'T
CATCH ANYTHING
THE WAY IT IS!



BOARD'S OFF, GRABBIT!
TRY THAT FOR SIZE!

THAT'S FINE,
HOSMER! I
CAN JUST
MAKE IT!

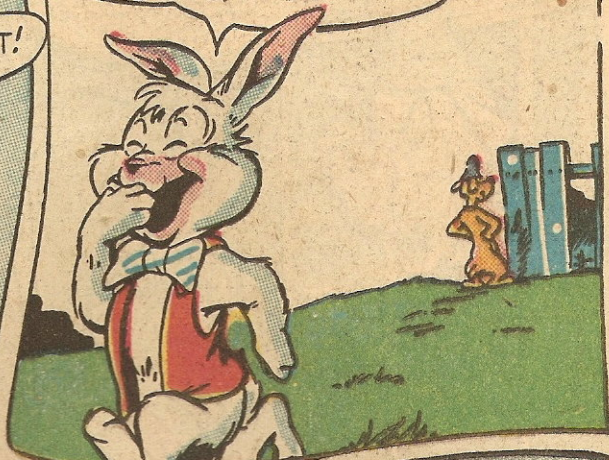


YOU'VE DONE A GOOD JOB, HOSMER! WELL, GOTTA BE GOIN' NOW! SEE YA TONIGHT--ER, I MEAN, I'LL SEE YA LATER!

THANKS, GRABBIT! 'BYE NOW!



YAK! YAK! WHAT A STUPE! HE BUILDS A FENCE AROUND HIS GARDEN, THEN PULLS OFF A BOARD SO'S I CAN GET IN!

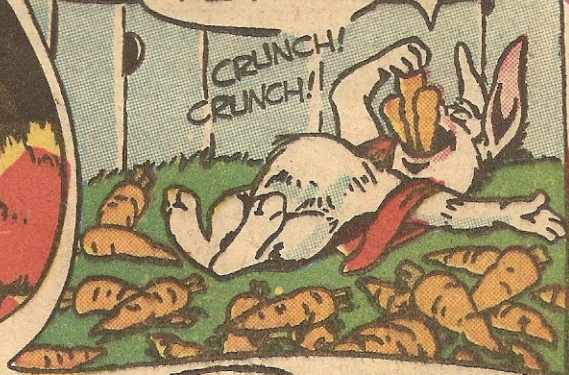


THAT NIGHT~

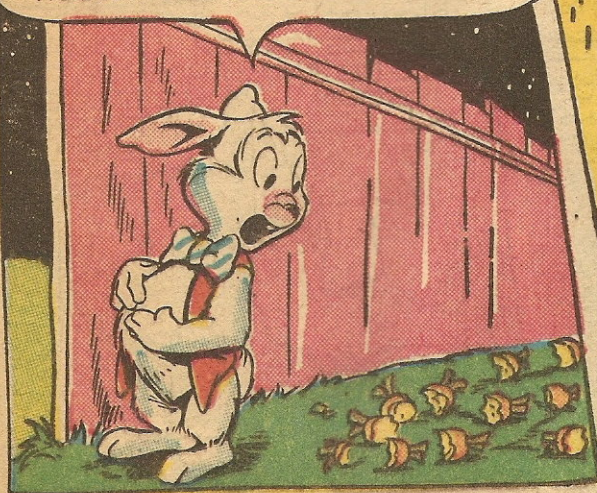
NOW FOR A CARROT FEAST FIT FOR A KING! WELL--- ANYWAY, A RABBIT KING!



HEH! HEH! PETER RABBIT WAS A PIKER COMPARED TO ME! MILLIONS OF CARROTS, AN' THEY'RE ALL MINE!

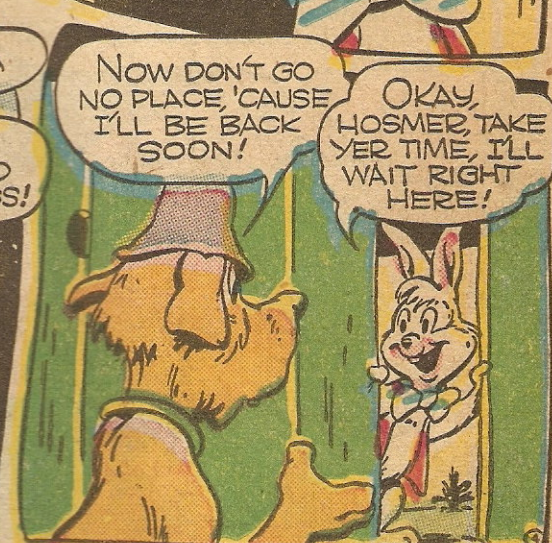
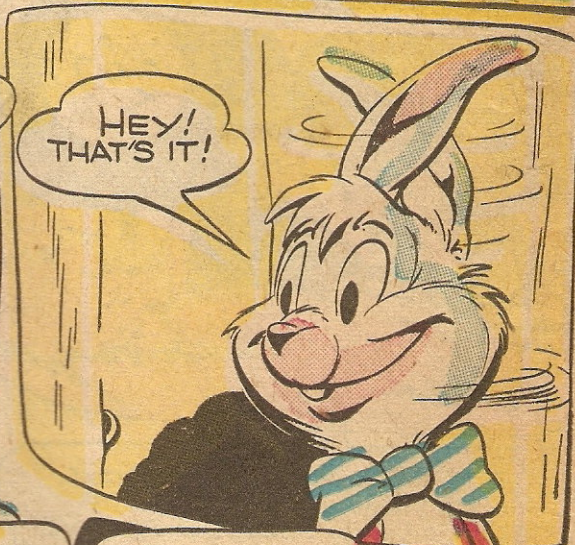
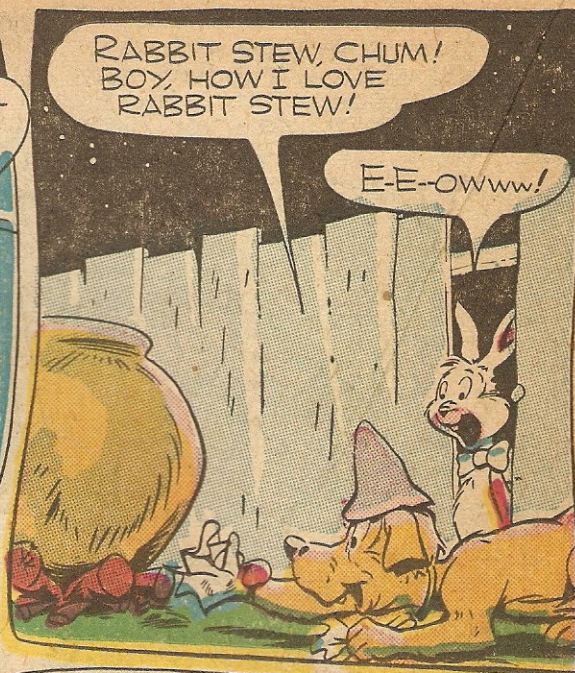


THEY'RE ALL GONE! DIDN'T TAKE ME AS LONG AS I THOUGHT IT WOULD! WELL, GUESS I'LL BE GOIN'!

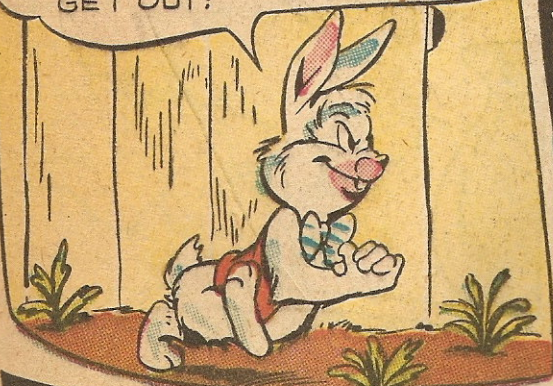


YIPE! I CAN'T GET BACK THRU THE FENCE!





HEH! THAT DOPE WAS BEHIND THE DOOR WHEN THE BRAINS WERE PASSED OUT! HA! HANK HOSS LIVES HALF WAY ACROSS THE STATE, AN' BY THE TIME HOSMER GETS BACK, I'LL HAVE THOUGHT OF SOME WAY TO GET OUT!



OKAY, GRABBIT! I'M READY FOR YA TO COME OUT!

HUH?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOIN' TO HANK HOSS TA GET YER TOOLS!



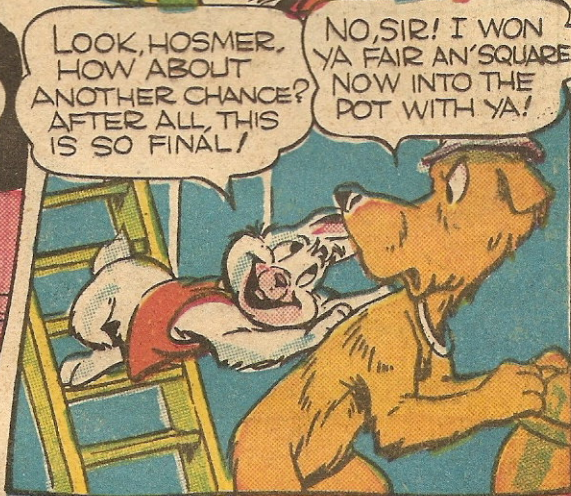
DOGGONE, I FORGOT ALL ABOUT A LADDER!

SOMETIMES I ALMOST SUSPECT THAT FOOL DOG OF HAVING BRAINS!



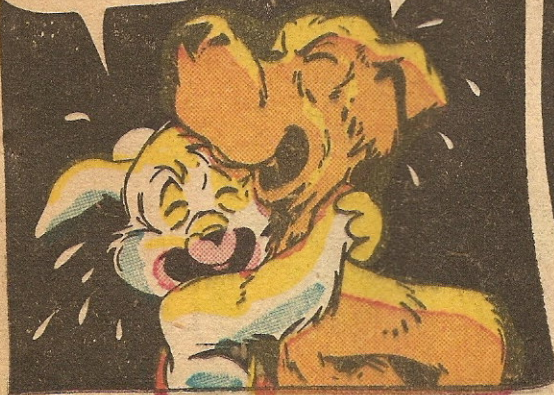
LOOK, HOSMER, HOW ABOUT ANOTHER CHANCE? AFTER ALL, THIS IS SO FINAL!

NO, SIR! I WON YA FAIR AN' SQUARE! NOW INTO THE POT WITH YA!



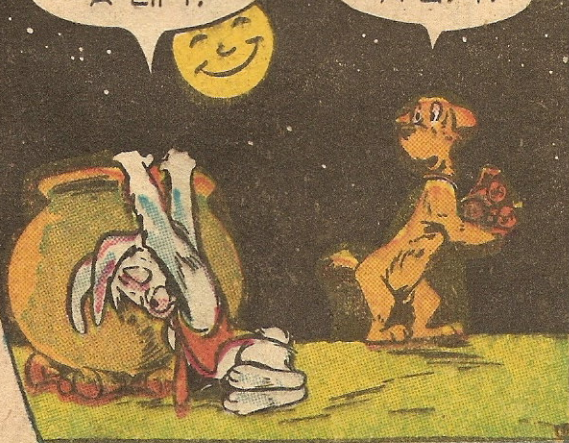
WELL, I GUESS THIS IS -- GOOD BYE! (SNIFF-SNIFF)

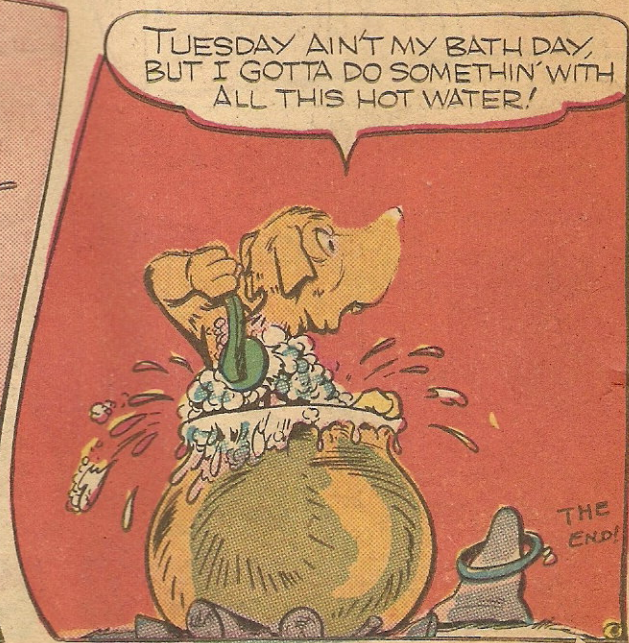
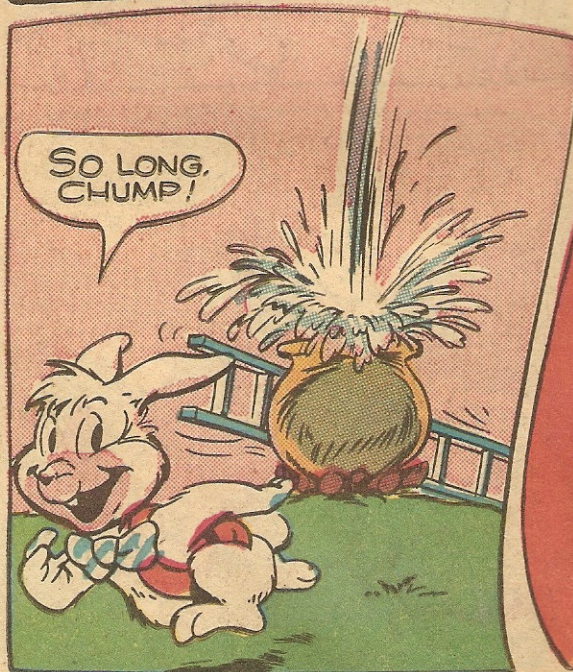
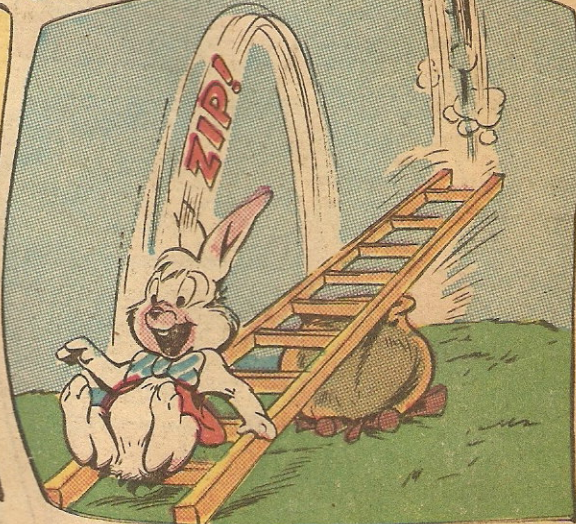
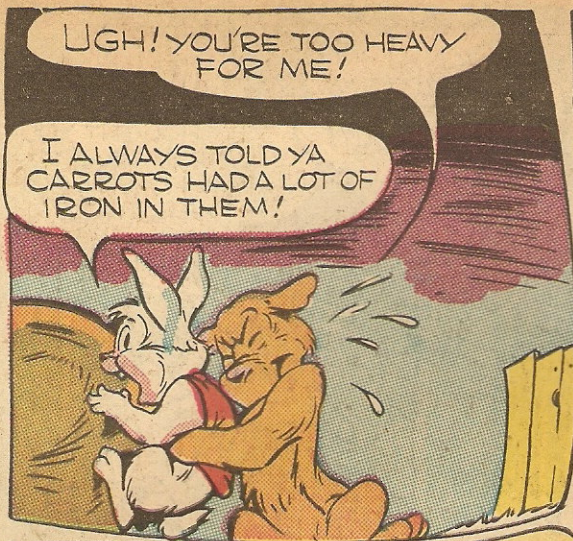
COME ON, CUT OUT THE SOB STUFF-- AN' INTO THE POT!



I CAN'T MAKE IT! YOU'LL-- HAVE TO GIVE ME A LIFT!

OKAY, GRABBIT, I'LL GIVE YA A LIFT!





The HERMIT and the WOODPECKER

IN a tumbledown shack in the depths of Leafy Forest lived a crabby hermit, an old hare who had no use for anybody or anything.

"Company!" he would snort to himself as he worked in his lettuce patch. "If there's anything I hate worse than company . . . IT'S MORE COMPANY!"

That was the sad truth. Many years before, the unsocial hare had moved away from all his friends and relations, just so he could be completely alone.

One day, toward sunset, the old hermit sat in his broken-down rocking chair and rocked and listened to the silence of the forest.

"Does my heart good! Yessirreebub, it just does!" he said. "I've always thought . . . WHAT'S THAT?"

His long ears had caught the sound of a sharp TAP! TAP! TAP! in a tree right outside the window. Peering out, the hermit saw a woodpecker, busily beating out a tatoo on the trunk of an elm tree.

"GO AWAY!" screamed the hare. "Go away, drat you! Don't want anybody hang-in' around MY HOUSE!" And he heaved a small rock at the tapping woodpecker.

But the busy bird stopped for just one instant, turned, smiled pleasantly at the angry hare, and continued his sharp TAP! TAP! TAP!

This angered the hermit hare so much that he could barely speak. Seizing a large saucer, he flung it with all his might at the little woodpecker!

Startled, the bird stopped his tapping, gazed reproachfully at the hare . . . and flew away!

An instant later, the old hermit heard a new sound. "First it was tappin' and now it's clangin'!" he muttered angrily. "Why can't they leave a hermit ALONE?"

"You wouldn't like THAT!" a strange voice answered. "If we left you alone, YOUR HOUSE WOULD BURN DOWN!"

"Why . . . why, it's the Leafy Forest Fire Brigade!" the hare exclaimed. "And they've come to put out a fire on MY roof!"

"You're a mighty lucky hermit!" the fire chief said, after the blaze was put out. "If no one had sent us a signal, your house would have gone up . . . and YOU with it!"

"Signal? What signal?" demanded the hare.

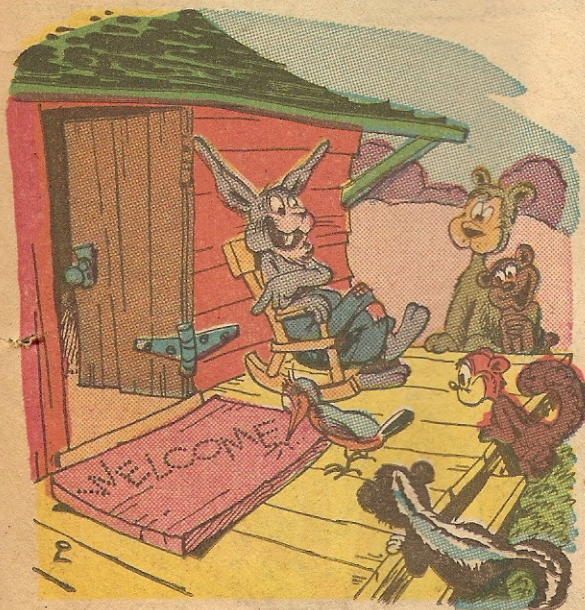
"We caught an S. O. S. sent out by a woodpecker!" answered the chief. "HE SAVED YOU AND YOUR HOME!"

"And to think I threw a saucer at him!" moaned the hare. "I wonder if I'll ever see him again! I wonder if he'll ever come back so I can thank him!"

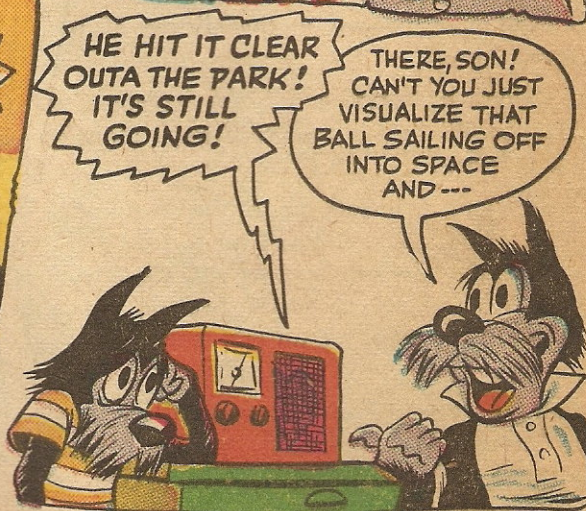
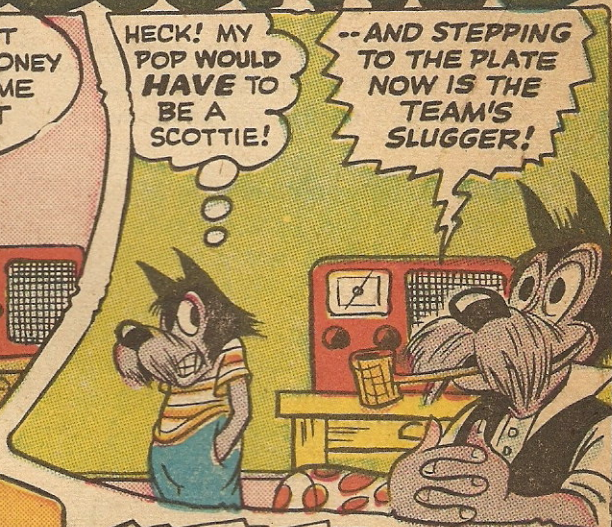
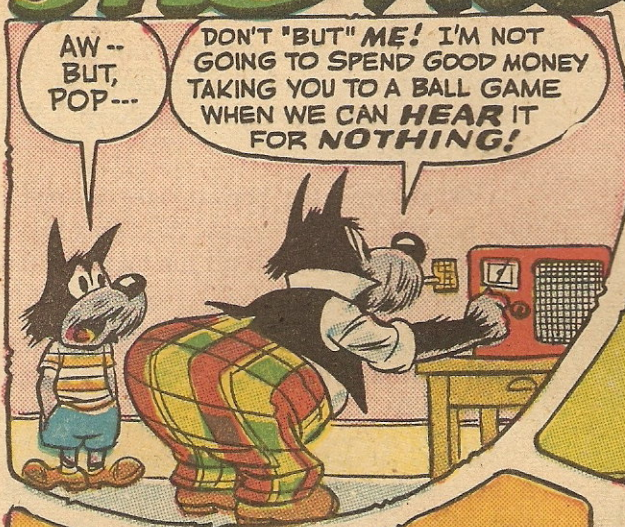
He raised his tear-filled eyes to the elm tree where the woodpecker had sat. And as he looked, he saw a plump little bird fly straight towards the lowest branch.

"It's . . . THE WOODPECKER!" shouted the hermit. "Thank you!"

And the friendly bird winked one of his bright eyes and tapped out "Y-O-U'RE W-E-L-C-O-M-E!"



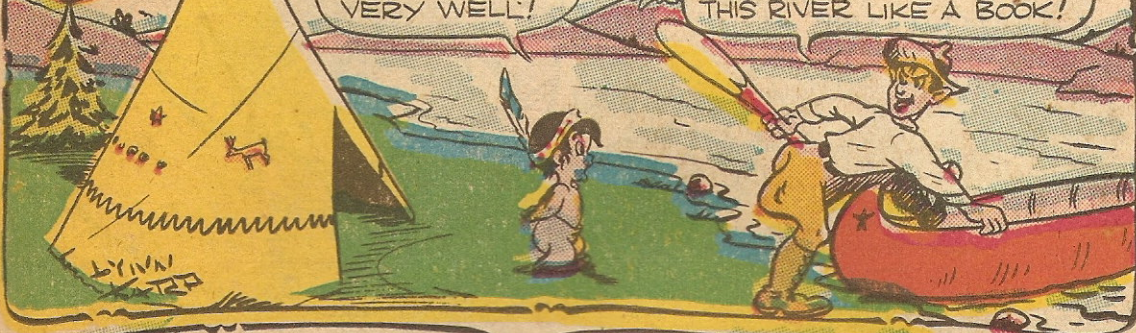
The McSCOTTIES



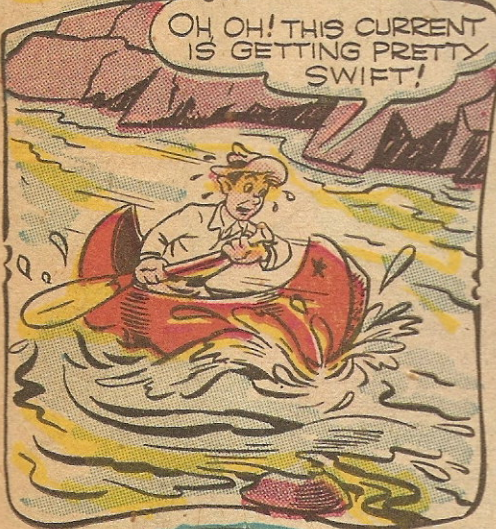
Little CHIEF BEEZEE

YOU NEEDUM INDIAN GUIDE, MISTER? ME KNOWUM RIVER VERY WELL!

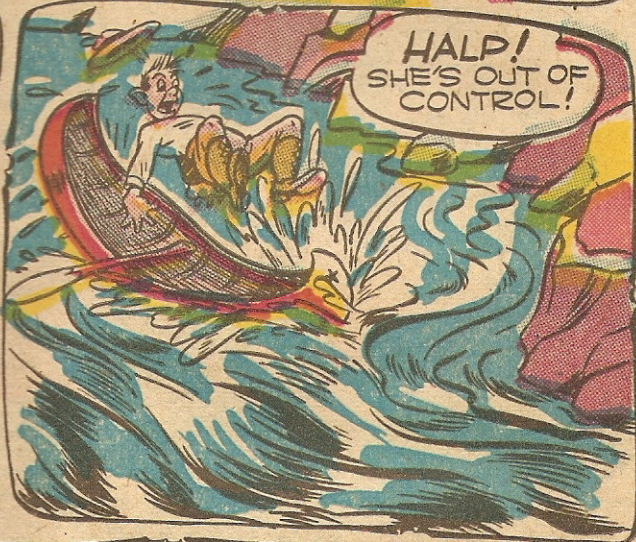
YOU KIDDIN'? A LITTLE FELLA LIKE YOU, A GUIDE? DON'T BE SILLY! I KNOW THIS RIVER LIKE A BOOK!



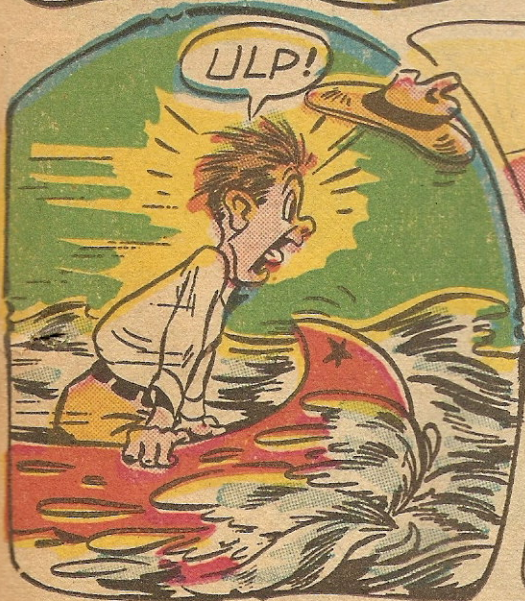
OH OH! THIS CURRENT IS GETTING PRETTY SWIFT!



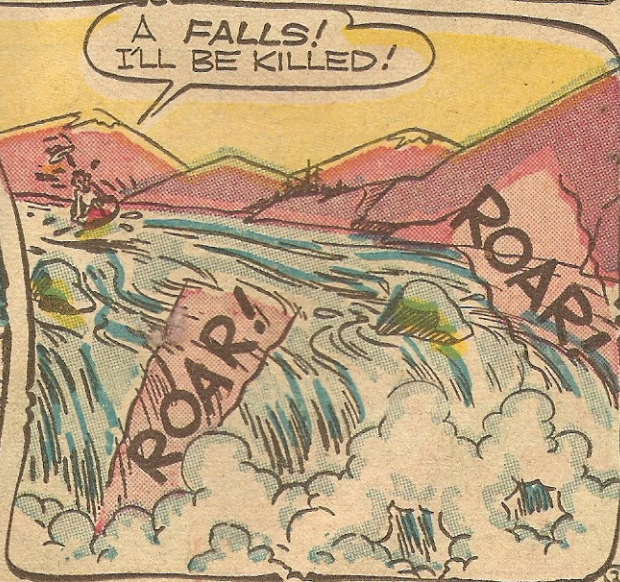
HALP! SHE'S OUT OF CONTROL!

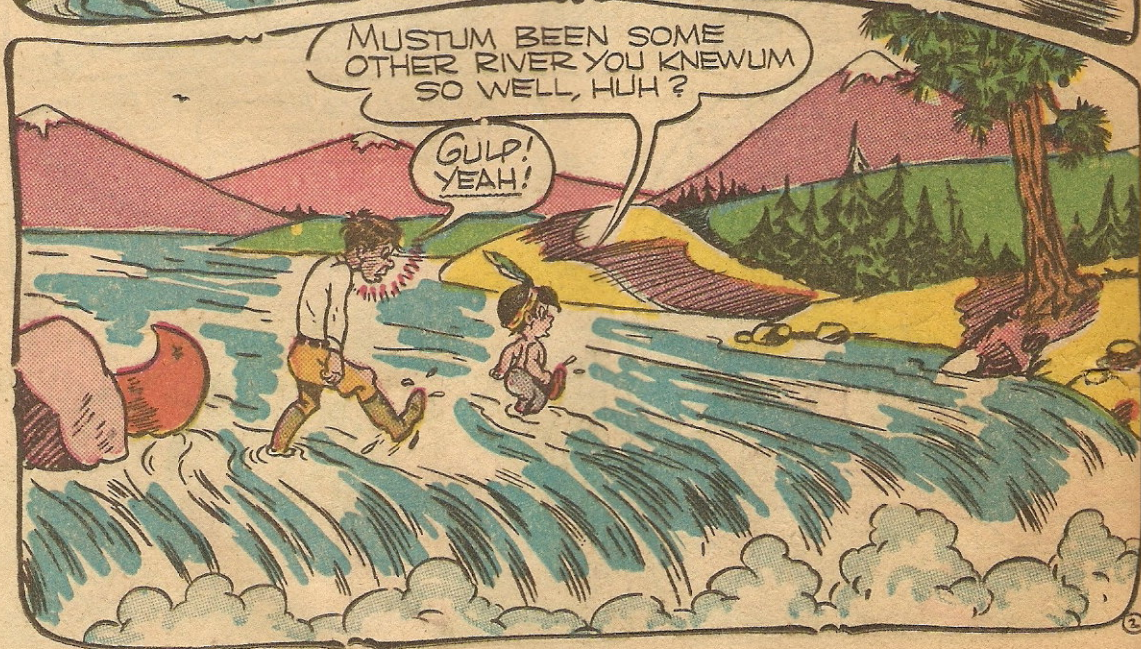
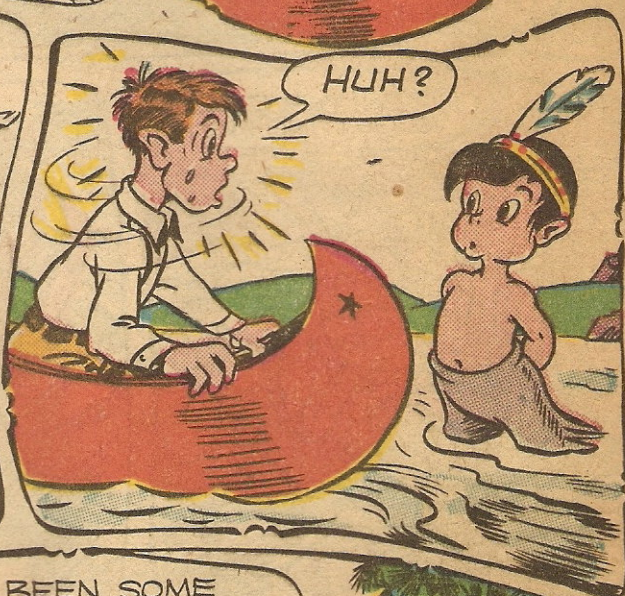
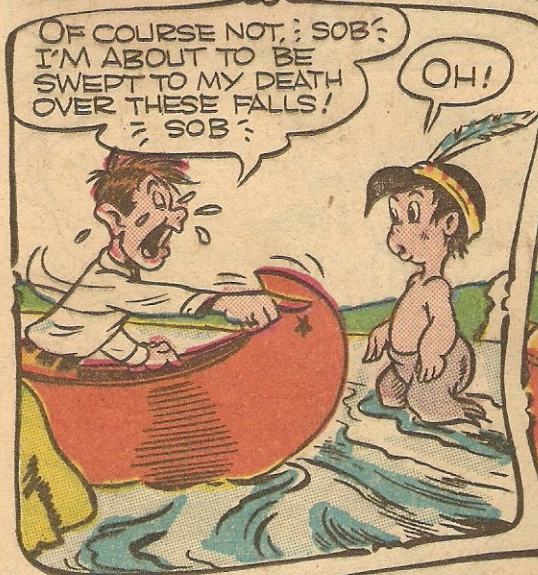
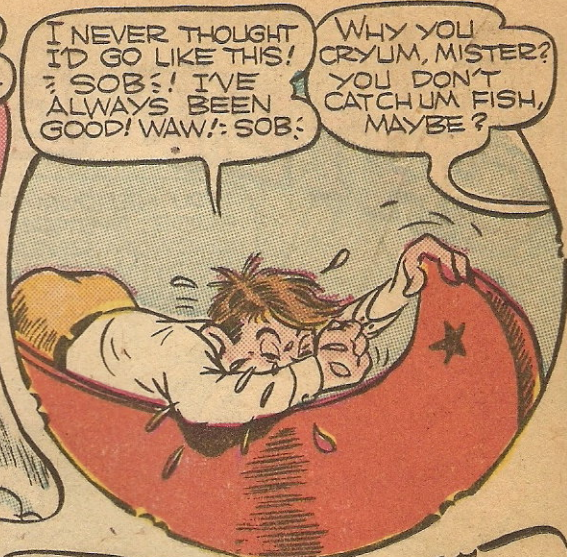
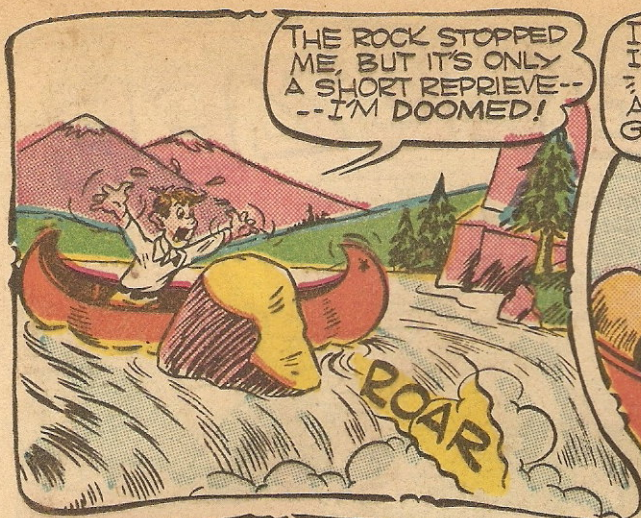


ULP!



A FALLS! I'LL BE KILLED!





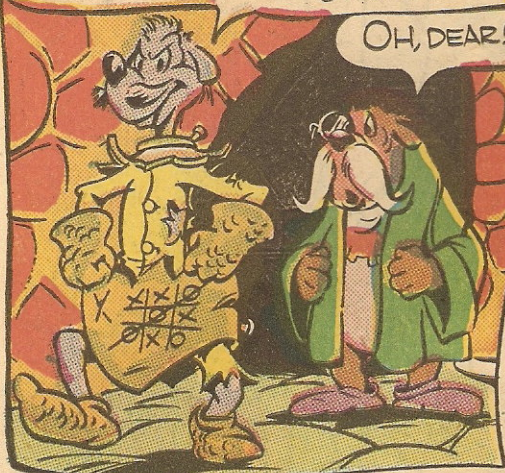
Stalwart Swinburne

BY H.R. KARP



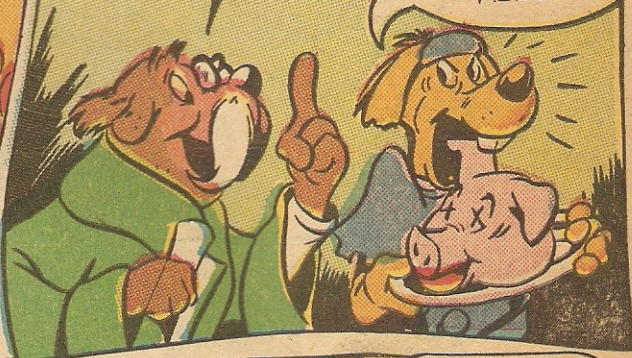
IF YA WANT IT DELIVERED, YA GOTTA GET SOMEBODY ELSE, JACKSON! THIS IS THE 3RD SUIT I'VE LOST THIS WEEK BY THAT GUY'S SWORD!

OH, DEAR!

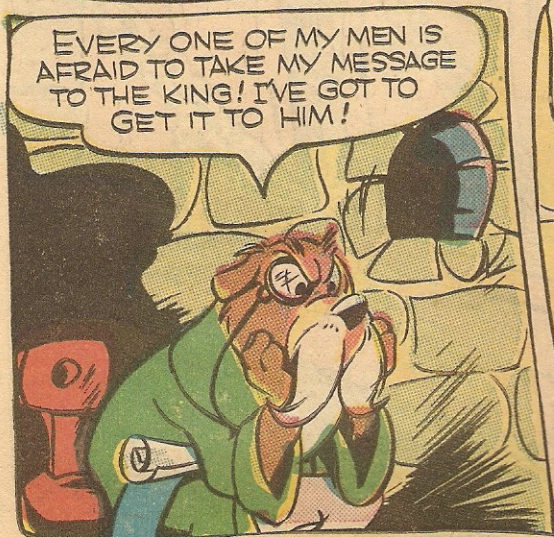


AH! SIR TAINLY, ONE OF MY MOST TRUSTED MEN! ER-PARDON ME, SIR TAINLY, WOULD YOU DELIVER THIS MESSAGE TO THE KING FOR ME?

WHAT A RIDICULOUS REQUEST! OF COURSE NOT! I'M JUST AS FOND OF LIVIN' AS THE REST OF THE GUYS AROUND HERE!



EVERY ONE OF MY MEN IS AFRAID TO TAKE MY MESSAGE TO THE KING! I'VE GOT TO GET IT TO HIM!



I'LL TAKE IT FOR YA, BOSS, I AIN'T ASCAIRT! I AIN'T ASCAIRT OF NOTHIN'! I EVEN STEPPED ON A ANT ONCT!

YOU WILL? HA, HA! OKAY, FINE!

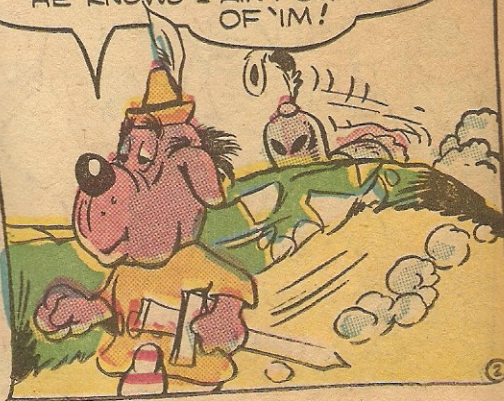


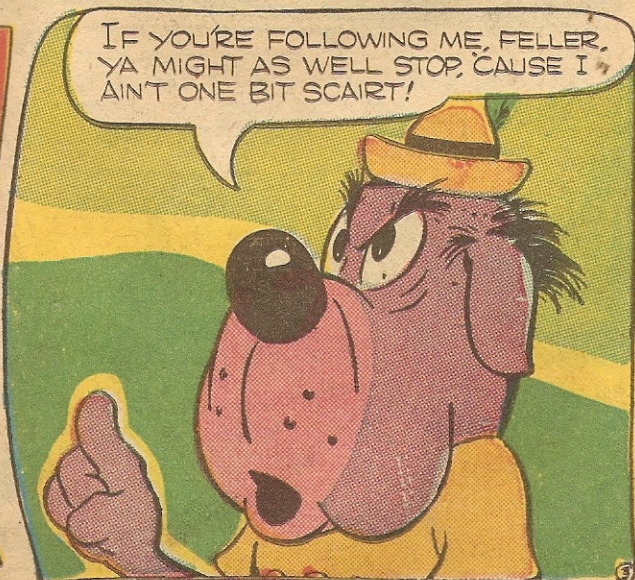
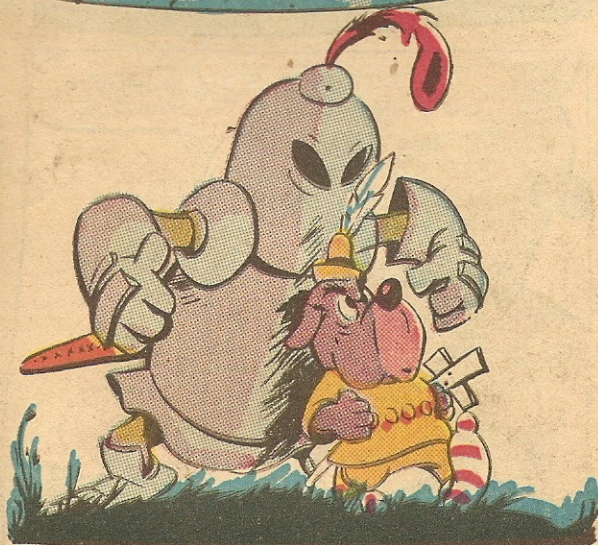
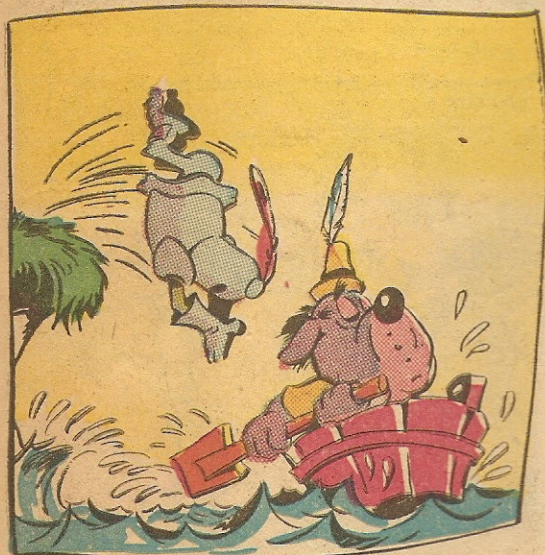
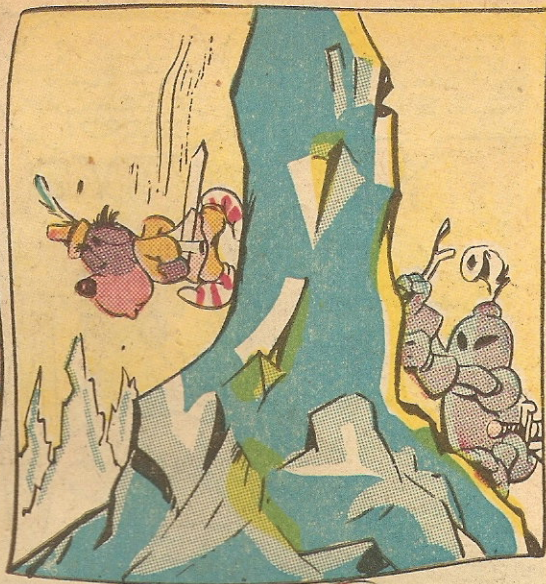
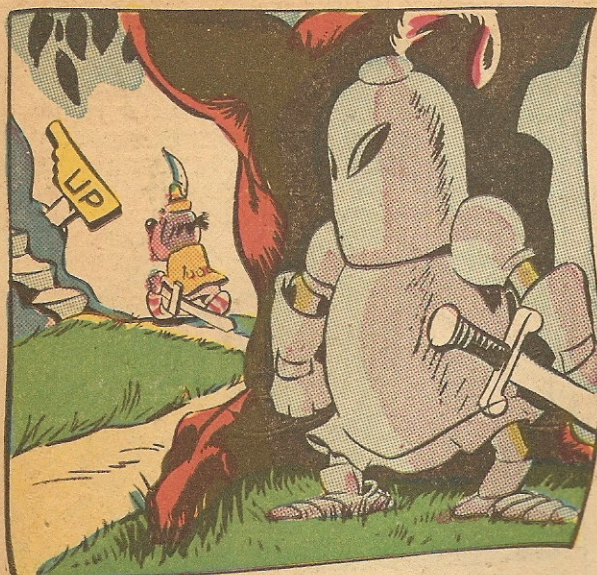
NOW REMEMBER, SWINBURNE! DELIVER IT TO THE KING PERSONALLY... ---IF YOU GET THRU!

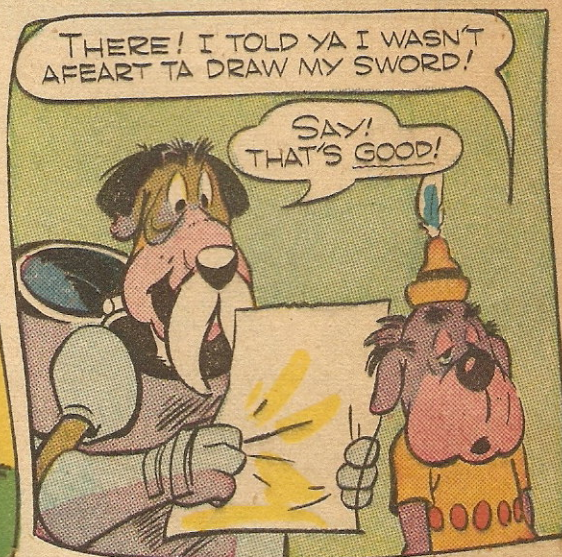
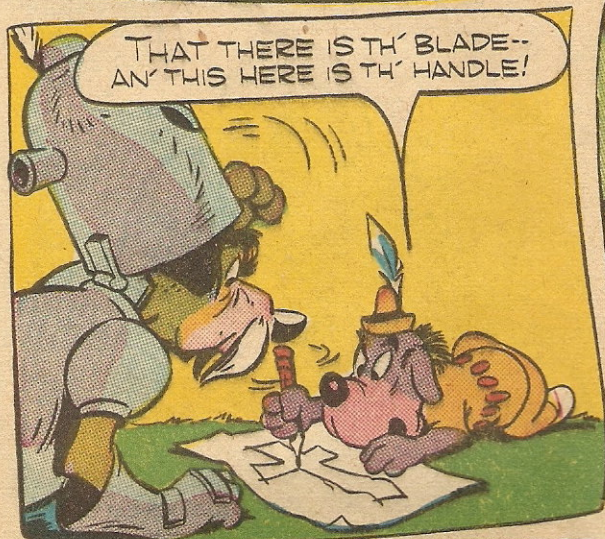
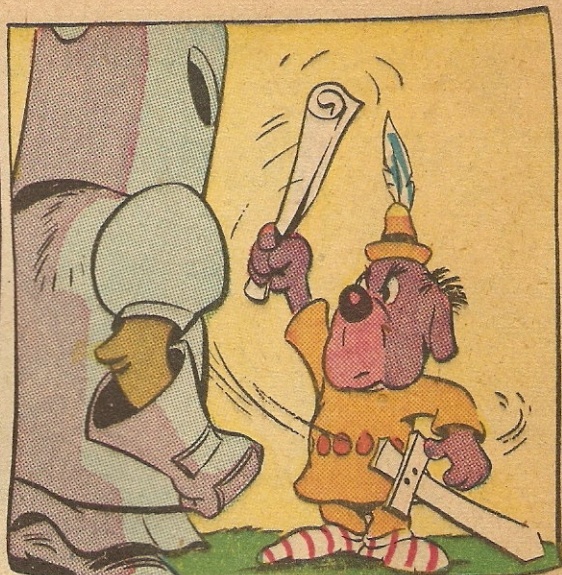
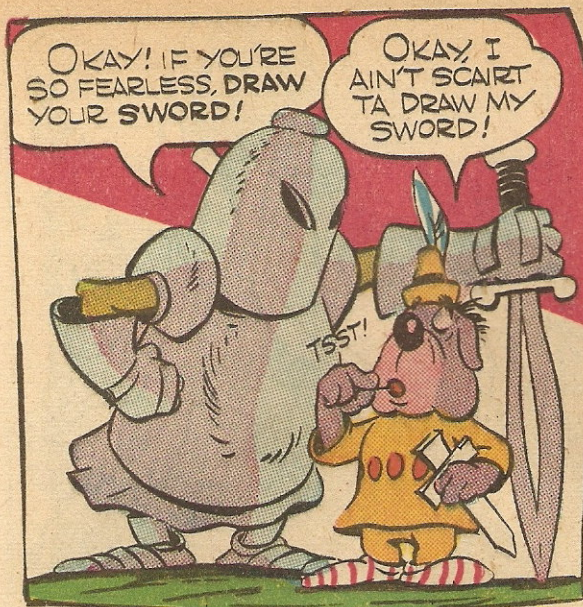
SHUCKS, NOBODY CAN STOP ME, 'CAUSE I AIN'T AFERT A' NOBODY!



I AIN'T SEEN THAT MASKED FELLA YET! I BET IT'S 'CAUSE HE KNOWS I AIN'T SCAIRT OF 'IM!







WAIT A MINUTE,
FEARLESS FATSO! TURN
AROUND AND DUEL ME!

HE HURT
MY HAT!

SWISH!

OKAY, I'M GONNA DUEL YA NOW,
BECUZ I AINT ASCAIRT OF YA
ONE BIT, AN' BESIDES, YA MADE
ME MAD! YA HURT MY HAT!

NOW I'VE GOT YOU!
I'M GONNA CUT YOL
TA RIBBONS!

NOW HE
HURT MY
SWORD!

ZING!

THIS IS CURTAINS,
STUBBY! HEH, HEH!

YOU'RE A
COWARD! ONLY
A COWARD WOULD
FIGHT A FELLA
WITH A SWORD
SHORTER'N
HIS!

I AM NOT A COWARD!

YA ARE SO A COWARD!

I AM
NOT!

I'N NOT A
ASCAIRT!

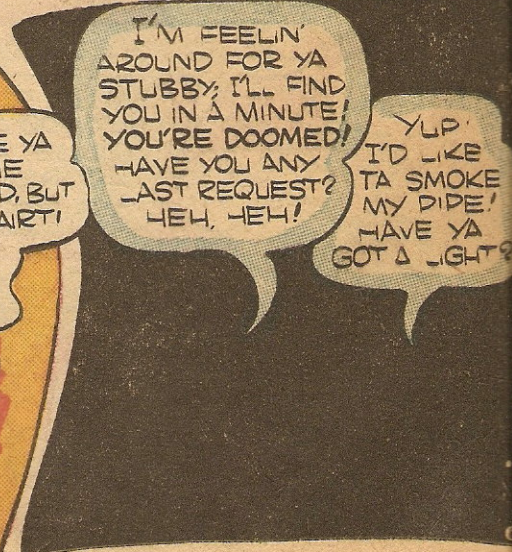
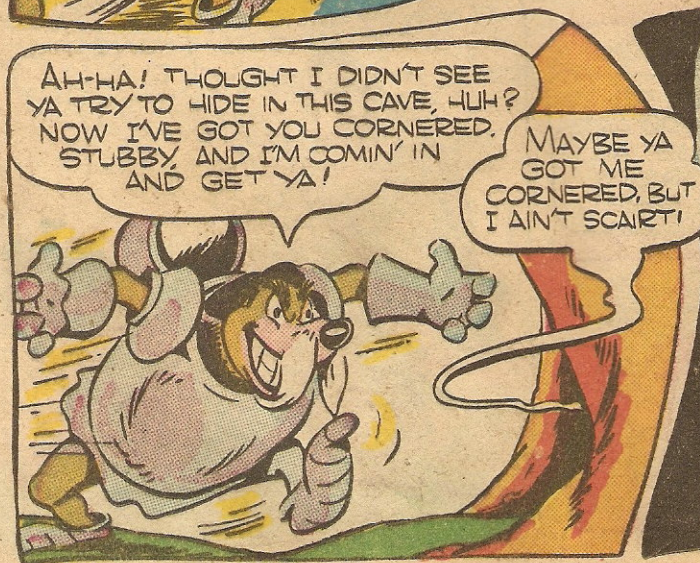
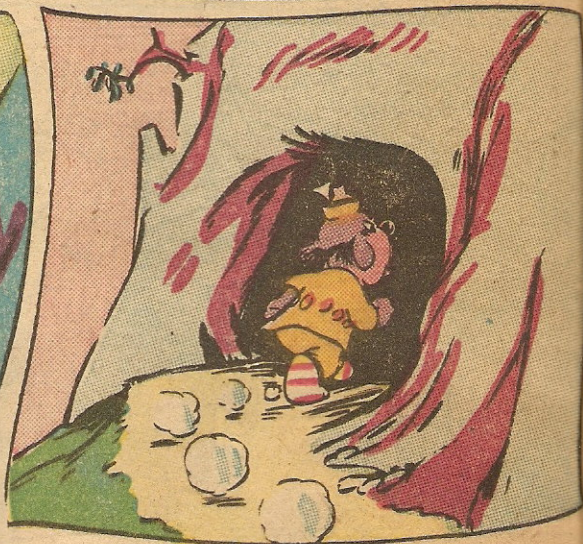
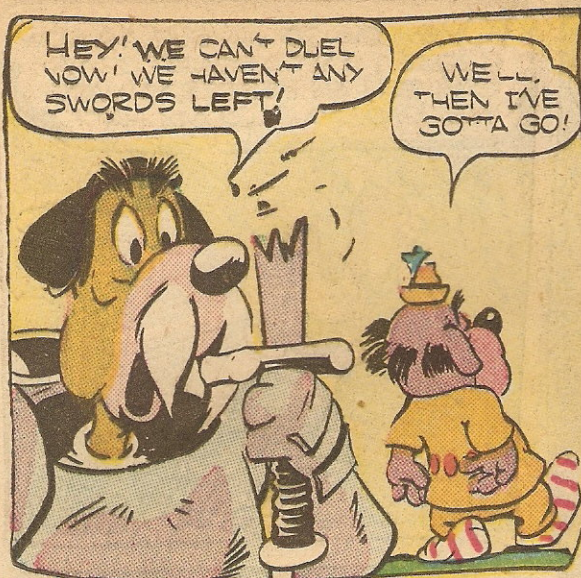
I'M NOT SCART-
BUT YOU ARE,
'CAUSE ALL
COWARDS
ARE SCART!

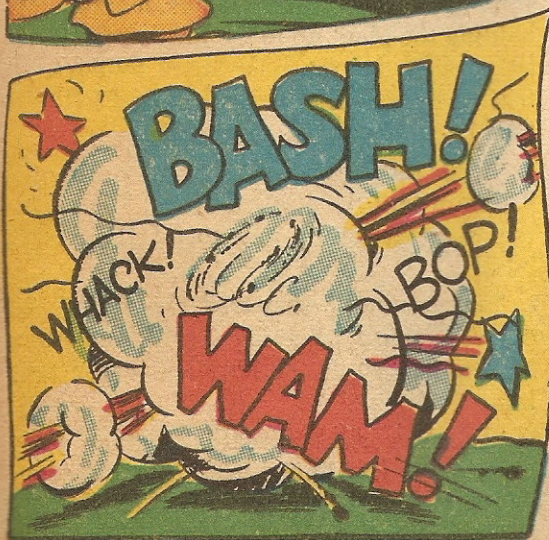
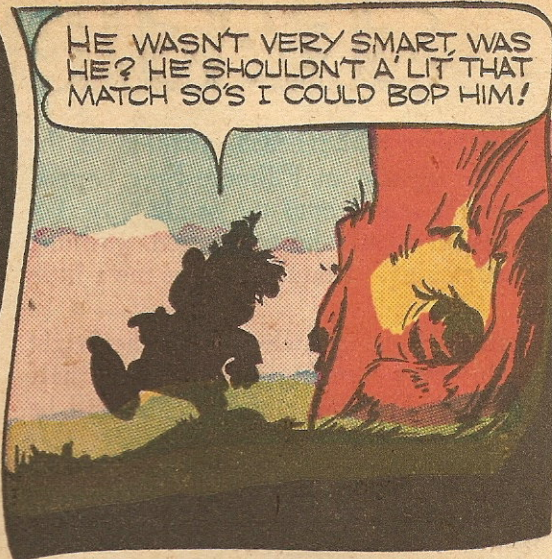
YA ARE SO
SCART!

I'M NOT! I'M NOT!
THERE! THIS PROVES
IT! NOW MY SWORD IS
AS SHORT AS YOURS!

OKAY, I
GUESS YOU'RE
NOT A COWARD!
NOW I WILL
DUEL YA!

CRACK!





SEASHORE MAGIC

THE wide, white beach sparkled in the glittering sun, as Fillmore Frog hopped out of the water onto the sand. "My, but it's restful here!" he murmured, yawning and stretching. "I think I'll have me a little nap."

Dreamily, he sprawled out in the bright sun, his eyes blinking shut. "In just half a minute," Fillmore mumbled, "I shall be asleep."

"MY, MY! WHAT HAVE WE HERE?" a sharp voice interrupted Fillmore's doze. "What a JUICY, TEMPTING MORSEL!"

Fillmore's eyes flew open and looked straight into the hard, cruel eyes of a crane. "Don't bother getting up," said the crane, "I can EAT YOU RIGHT HERE!"

The little frog felt his heart beat fast with fear. He looked around wildly for help, but there was no one else on the shore.

"Don't . . . DON'T EAT ME!" he pleaded with the smiling crane.

"NONSENSE!" the bird answered. "You'll be perfect for a morning snack!"

Suddenly, Fillmore had an idea. "It's

my only chance," he thought desperately. "I MUST try it!"

Then he said to the crane, "All right, my bird! I admit that I am a fine, fat frog. But, if you eat me, YOU'LL BE SORRY!"

"Sorry?" repeated the crane. "WHY?"

"Because I can work *magic*!" answered Fillmore gravely. "I may be small, but I'm a POWERFUL FROG!"

"Oh, pooh!" sneered the crane. "You're just SAYING that!"

"Ah! You don't believe me!" Fillmore said. "Very well, then! EAT ME! But never say I didn't warn you!"

At this, the crane looked a bit nervous. "Just a minute," he hesitated, "let's SEE how magic you are!"

"SIMPLE!" answered Fillmore. "I shall produce a FALLEN STAR, A WHISPERING SHELL AND A TALKING PLANT!"

With that, the clever frog picked up a starfish and showed it to the crane. "See?" he said. "A fallen star!"

Then he picked up a curved, polished seashell. "Hold it to your ear!" he told the crane.

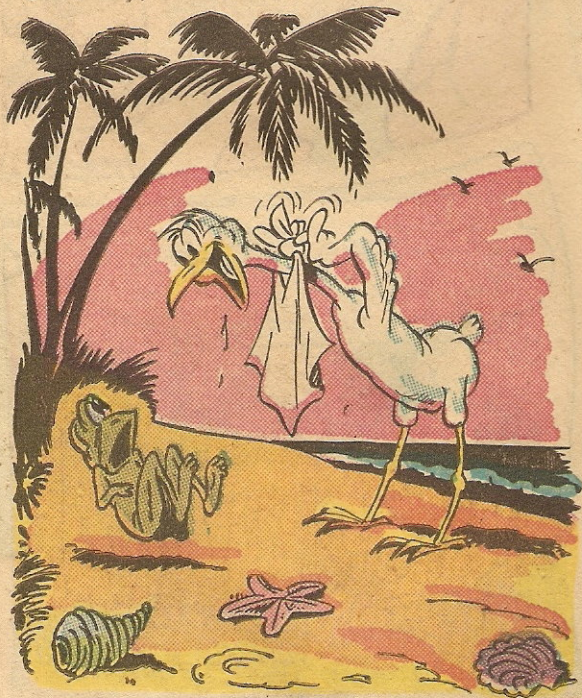
"IT . . . IT WHISPERS!" the bird stammered, dropping the shell.

Finally, Fillmore held up a cluster of shining seaweed. "Listen!" he commanded, holding the plant up to the bird's ear. Slyly, he popped the fat little weed bubbles, so that they crackled sharply. POP! POP! POP!

"You may consider that a warning!" Fillmore told the startled crane. "The talking plant is telling you to STOP, STOP, STOP!"

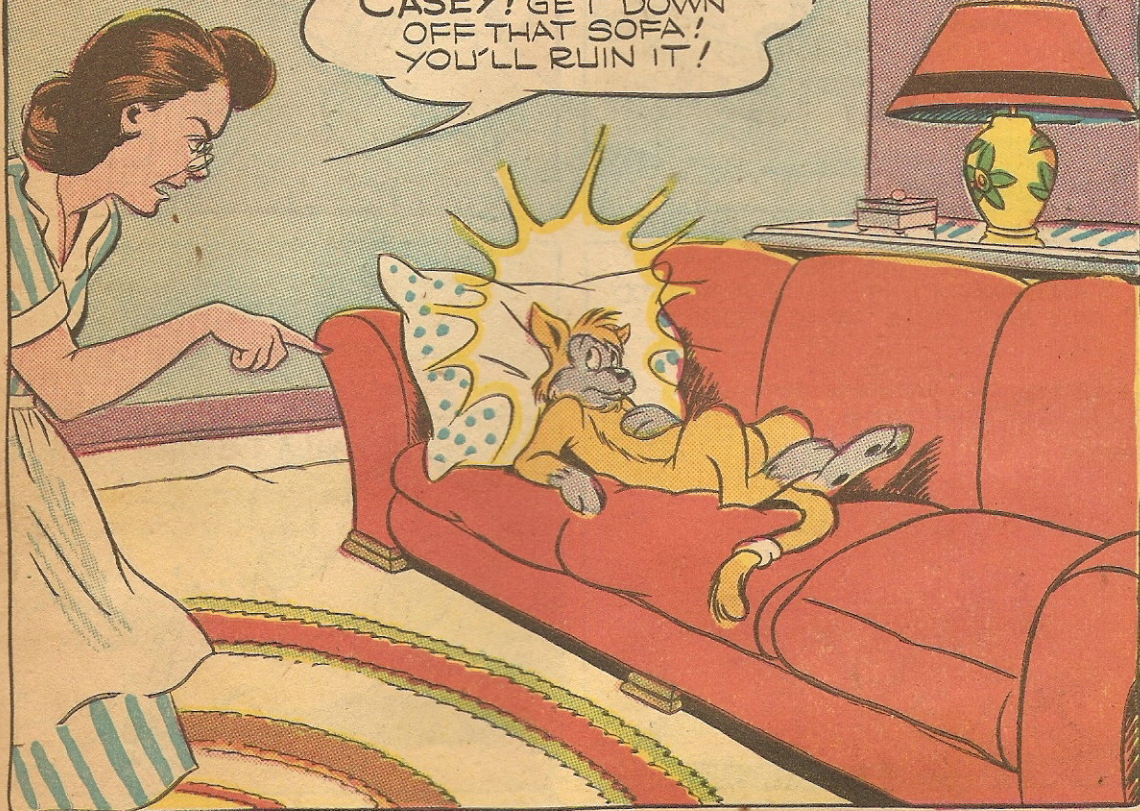
"Excuse me!" chattered the frightened crane. "I must be going now!" And away he ran, as fast as his long legs could take him!

"What a silly bird!" Fillmore Frog laughed, as he hopped back into the water. "ANYBODY CAN MAKE SEASHORE MAGIC LIKE ME!"

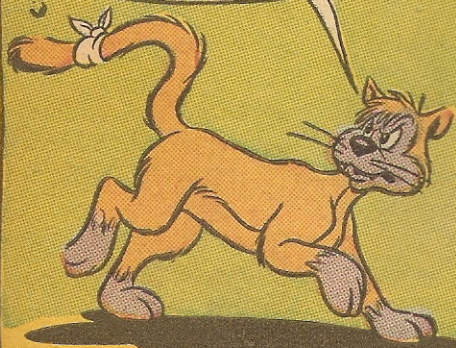


CASEY

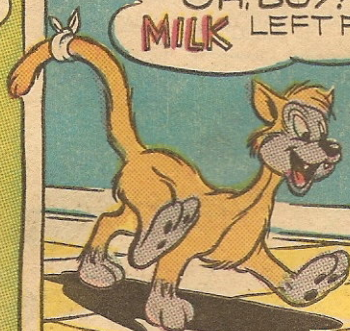
CASEY! GET DOWN
OFF THAT SOFA!
YOU'LL RUIN IT!

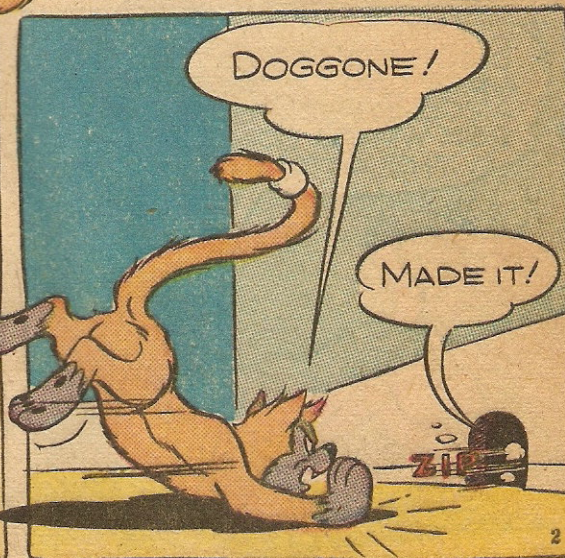
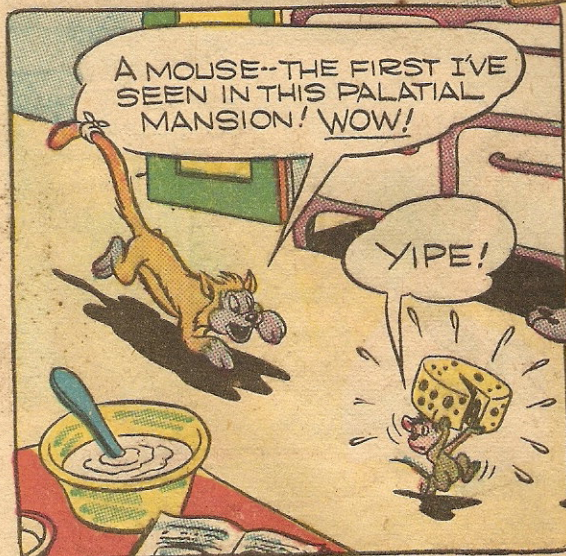
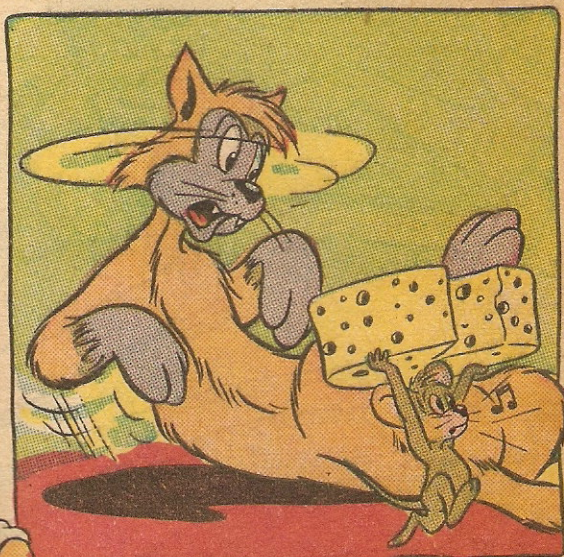
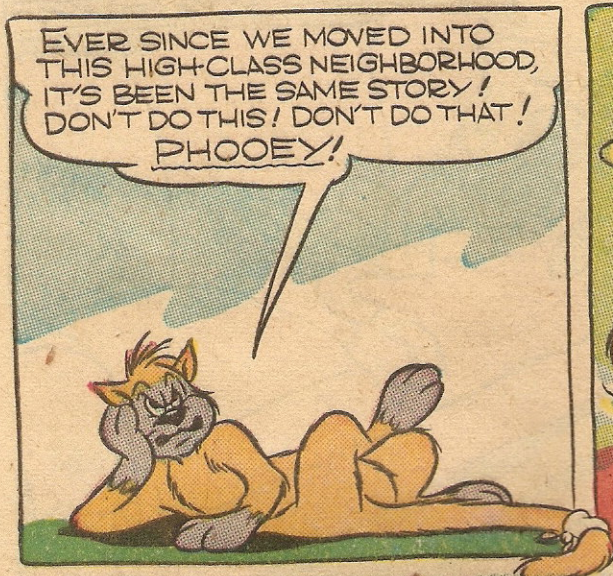
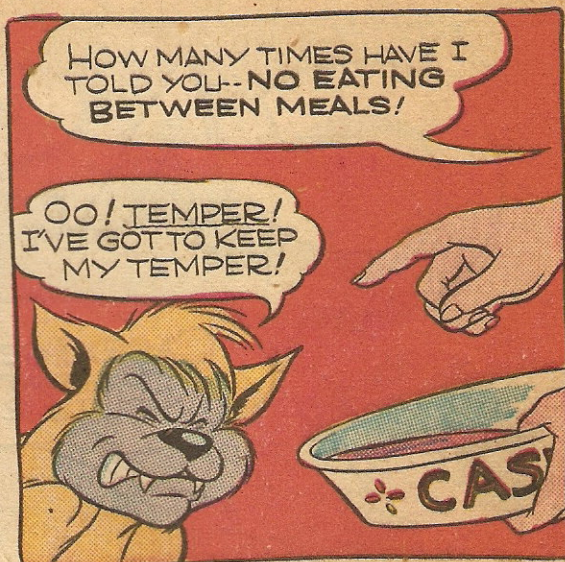
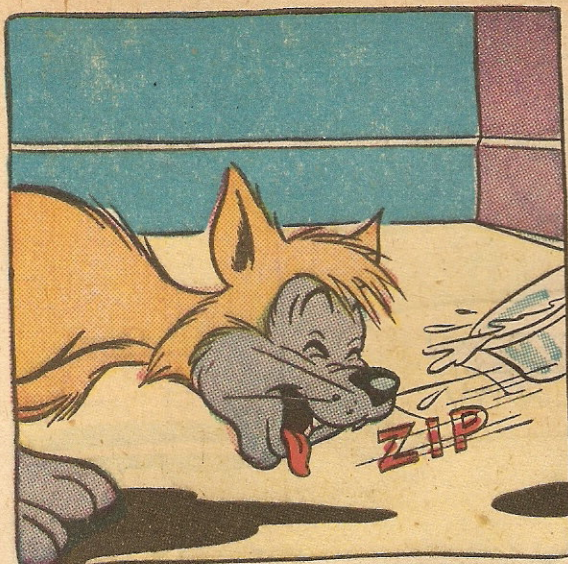


BROTHER! IT'S GETTING SO
A LAD CAN'T EVEN BREATHE
AROUND HERE! GUESS I'LL
SEE WHAT'S DOING IN
THE KITCHEN!



OH, BOY! SOME
MILK LEFT FROM LUNCH!



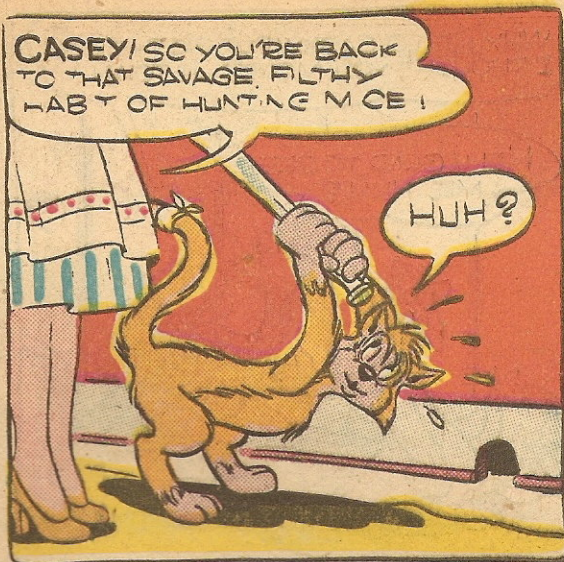


I'LL GET HIM THE
MUTE HE PUTS HIS
NOGGIN' OUT!

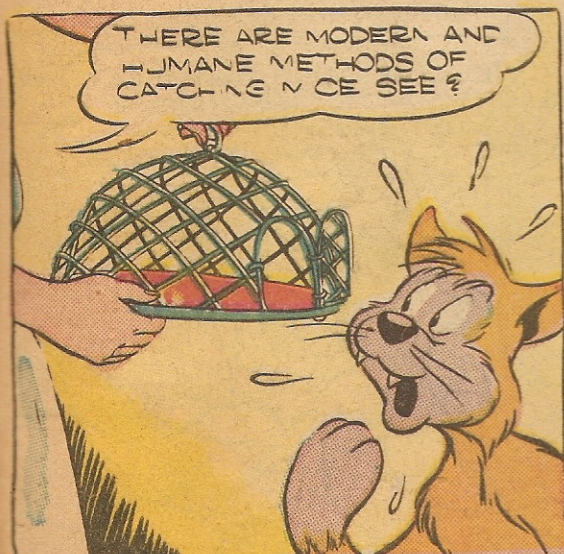


CASEY! SO YOU'RE BACK
TO THAT SAVAGE, FILTHY
HABIT OF HUNTING MICE!

HUH?



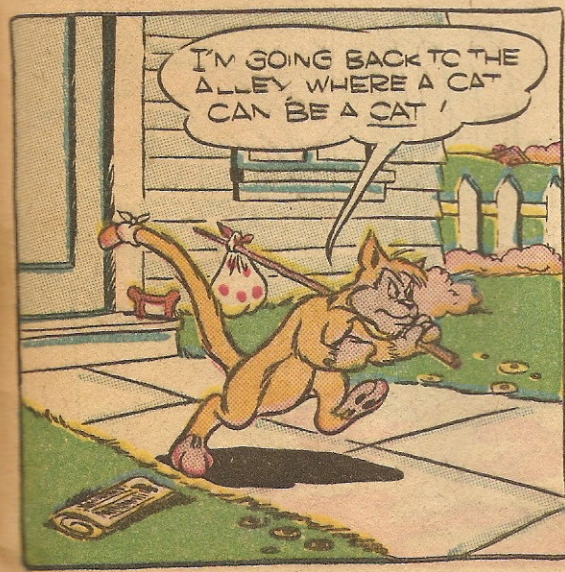
THERE ARE MODERN AND
HUMANE METHODS OF
CATCHING MICE SEE?



THAT SETTLES IT! WHEN A CAT
CAN'T EVEN BE WHAT HE'S SUPPOSED
TO BE, IT'S TIME TO
CALL IT QUITS!

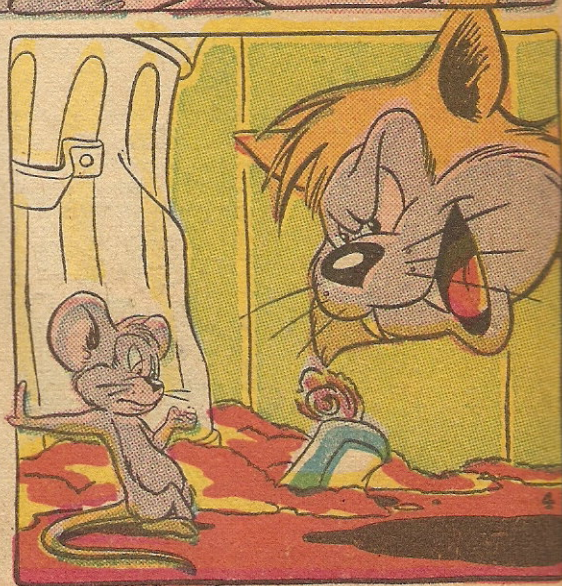
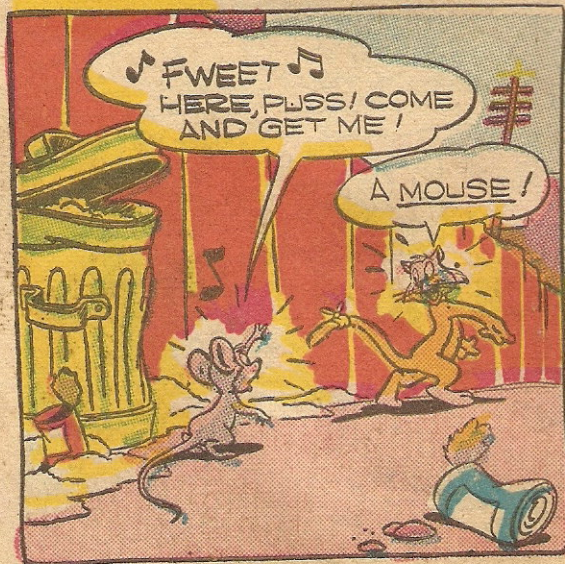
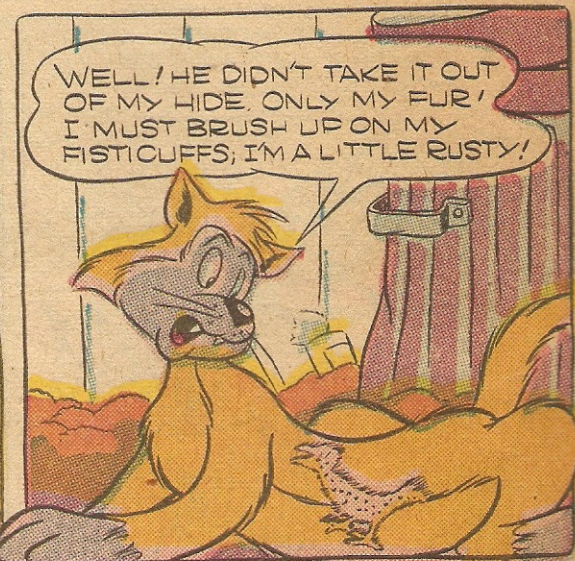
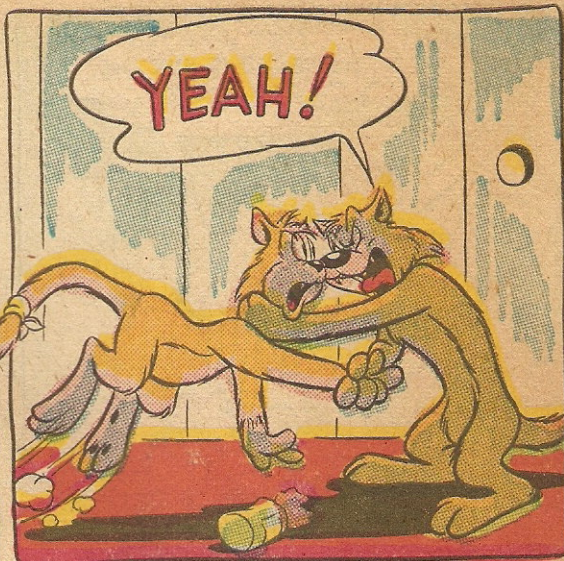


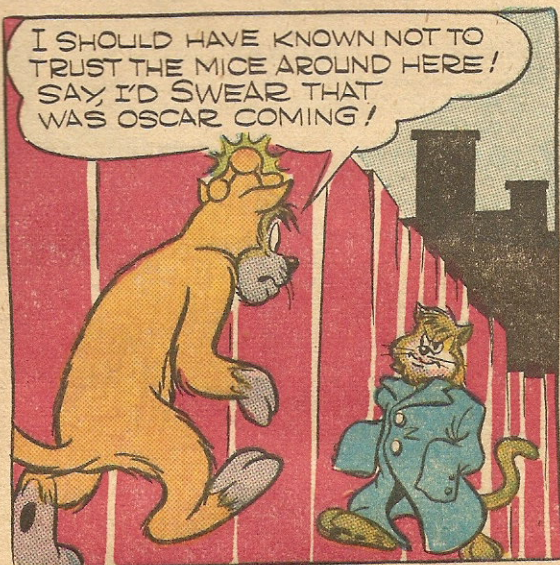
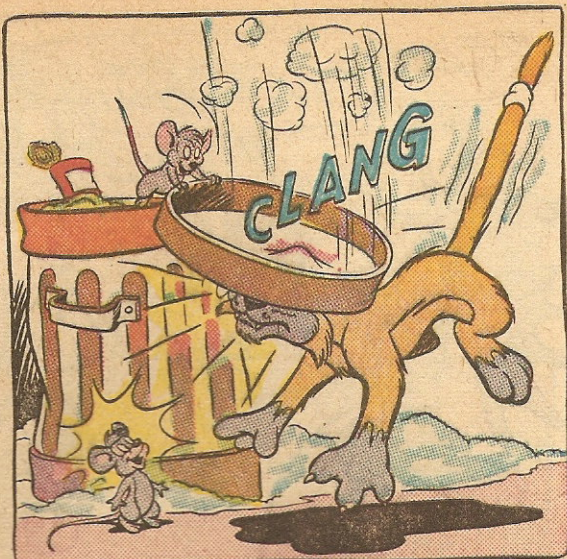
I'M GOING BACK TO THE
ALLEY WHERE A CAT
CAN BE A CAT!

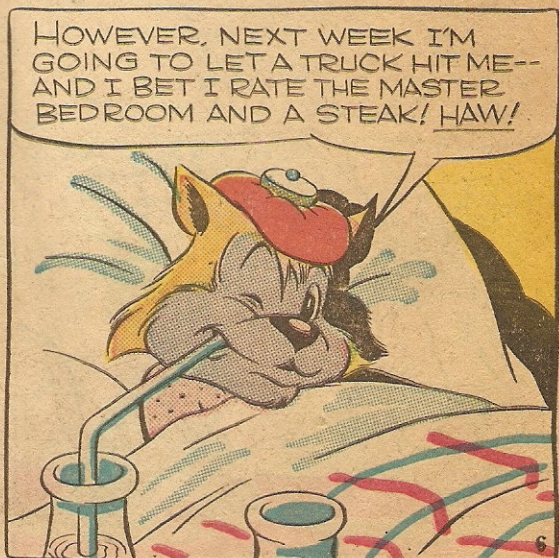
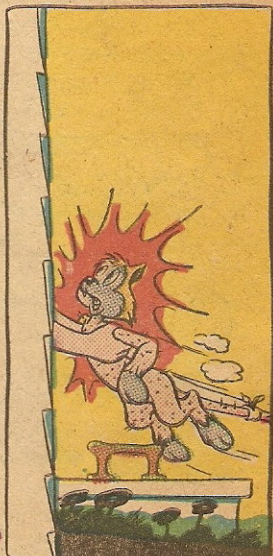
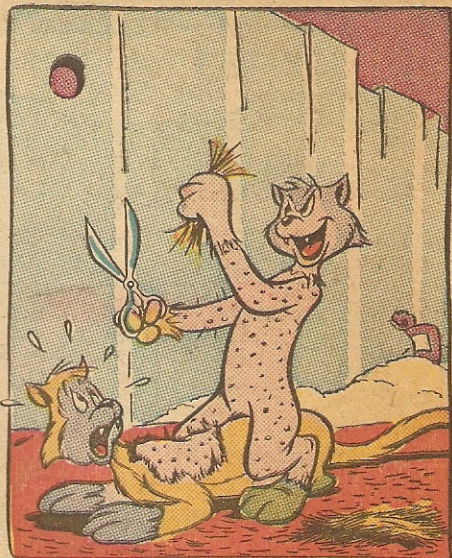
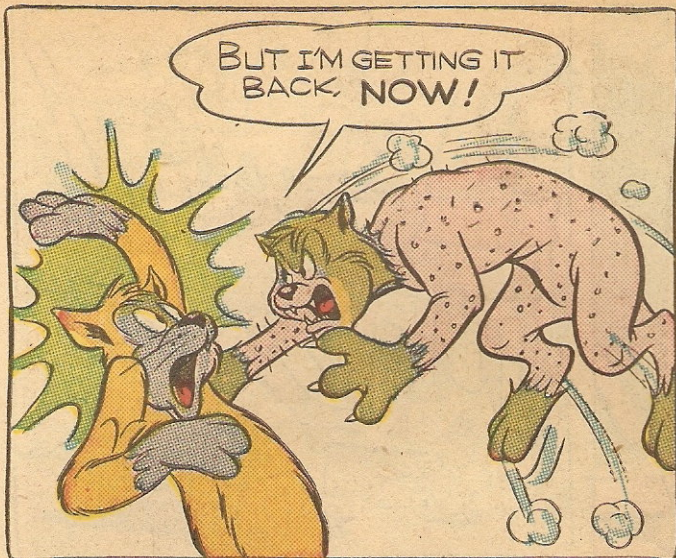


FELLAS. OH, FELLAS.
I'M BACK! YOUR OLD CHUM CASEY
S BACK!





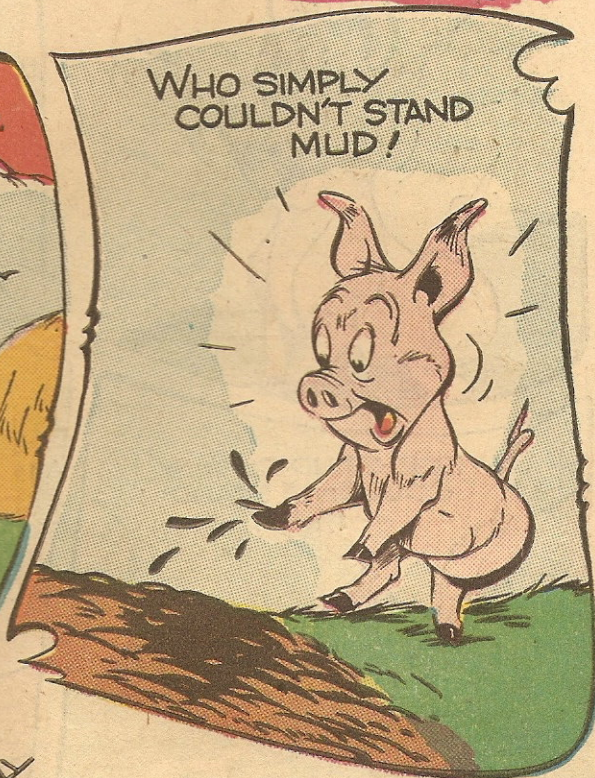
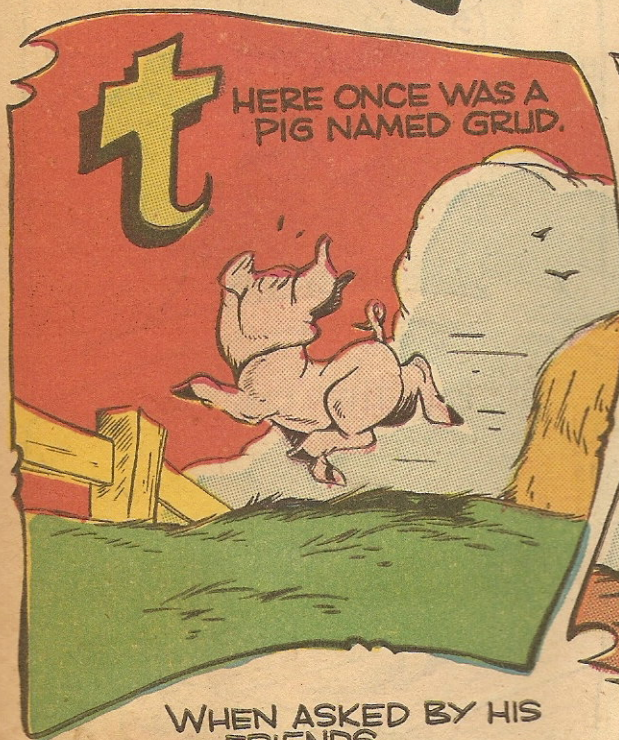




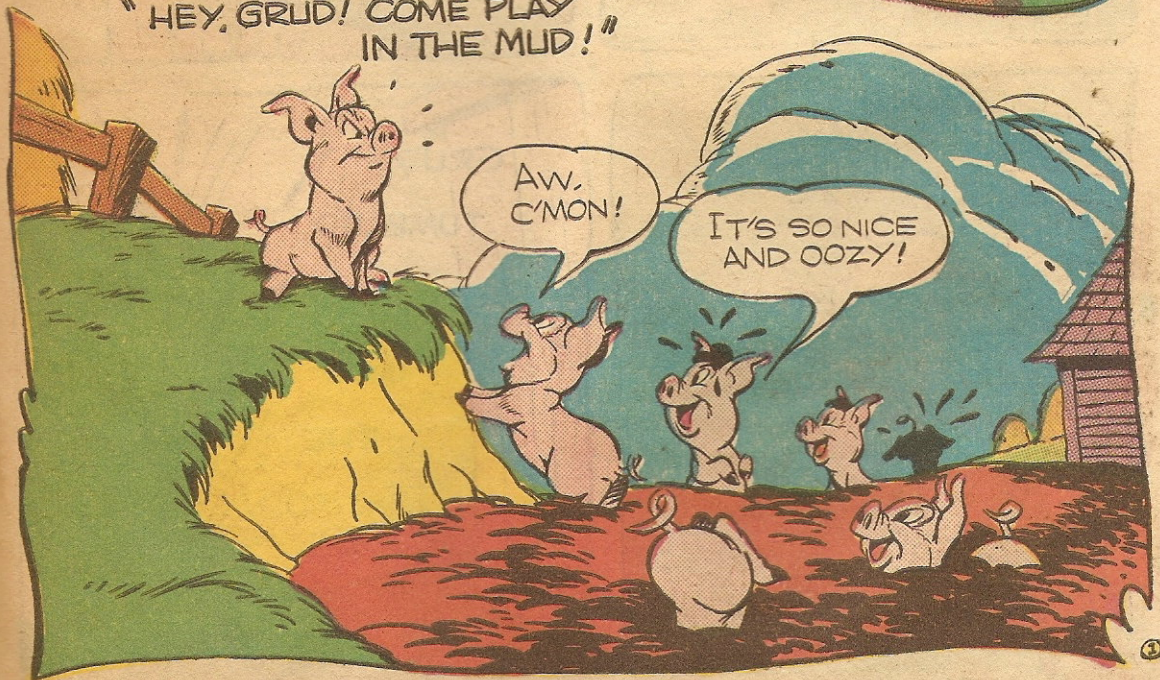
GRUD

and
the

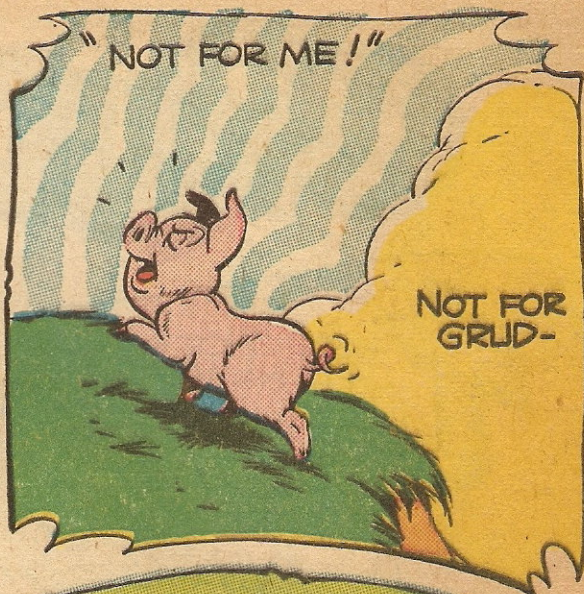
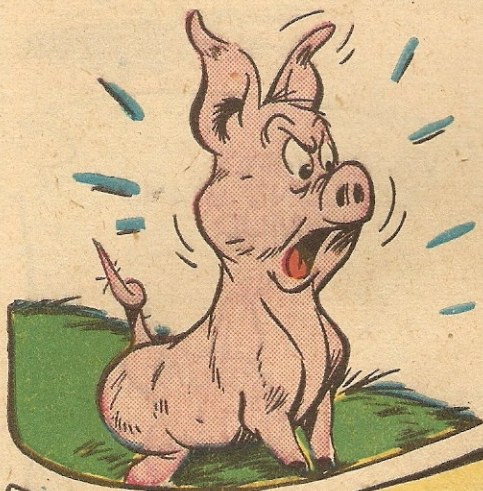
MUD



WHEN ASKED BY HIS
FRIENDS
"HEY, GRUD! COME PLAY
IN THE MUD!"



" AND GET
DIRTY!! "

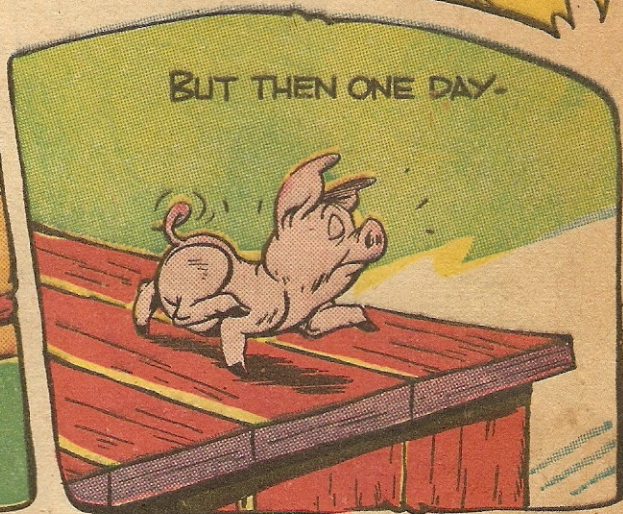


" NOT FOR ME! "

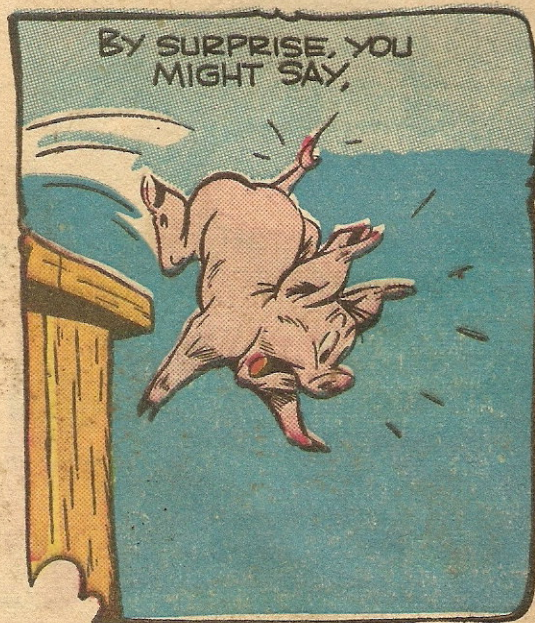
NOT FOR
GRUD-



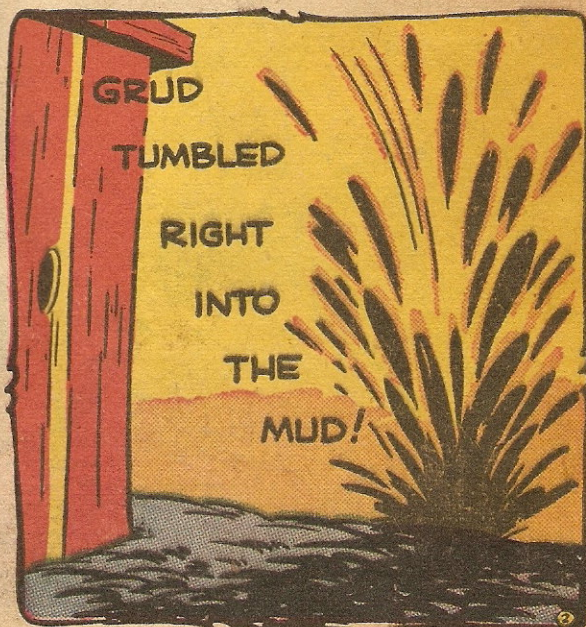
-- FOR GRUD SIMPLY
COULDN'T STAND
MUD!



BUT THEN ONE DAY-

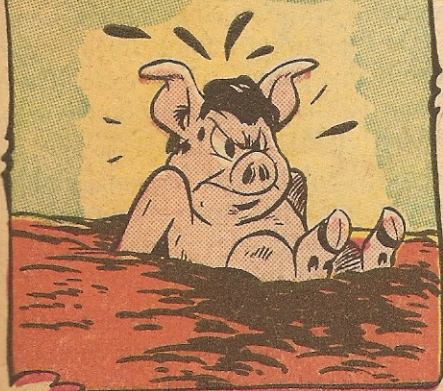


BY SURPRISE, YOU
MIGHT SAY,

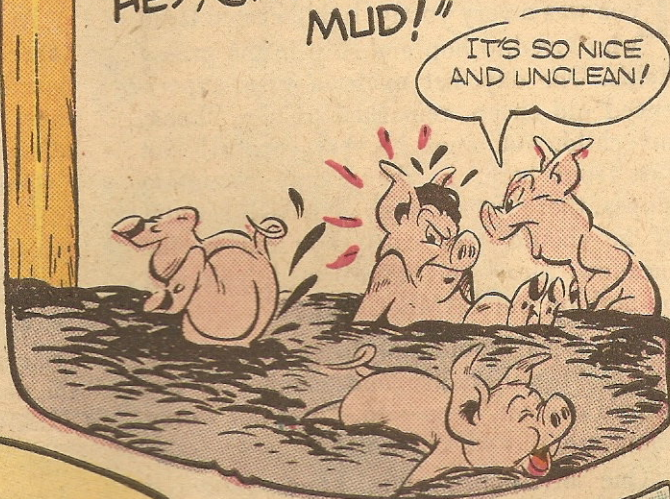


GRUD
TUMBLLED
RIGHT
INTO
THE
MUD!

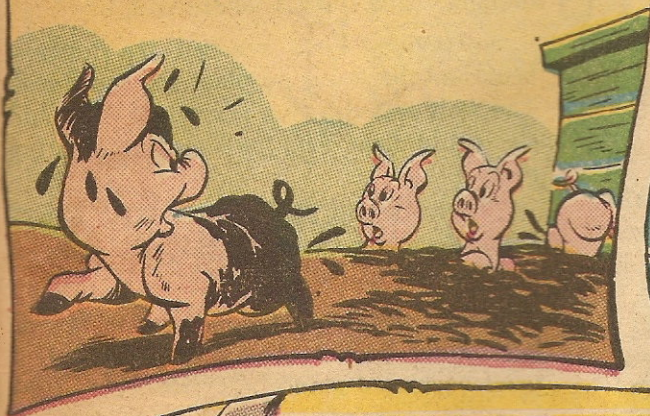
ALL WOE HAD
BEFALLEN POOR
GRUD!



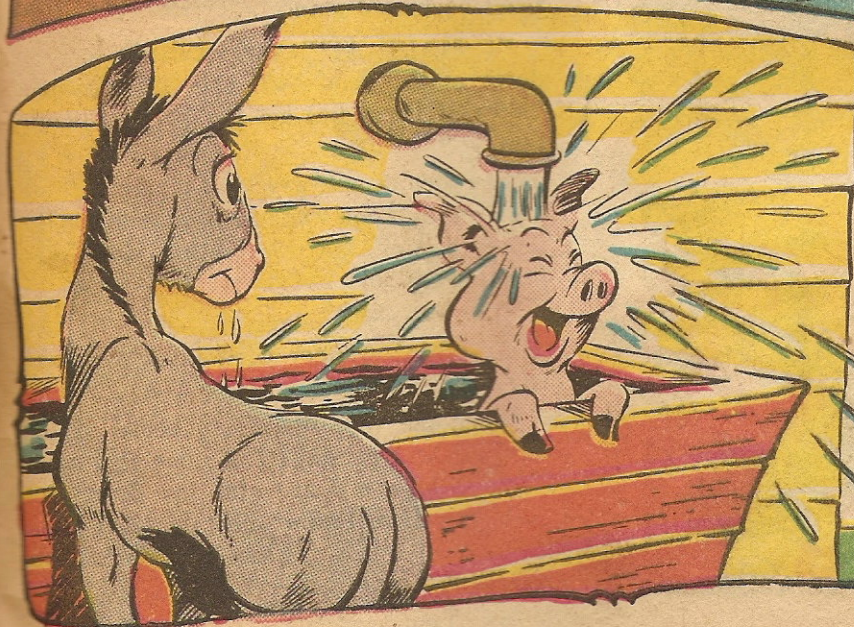
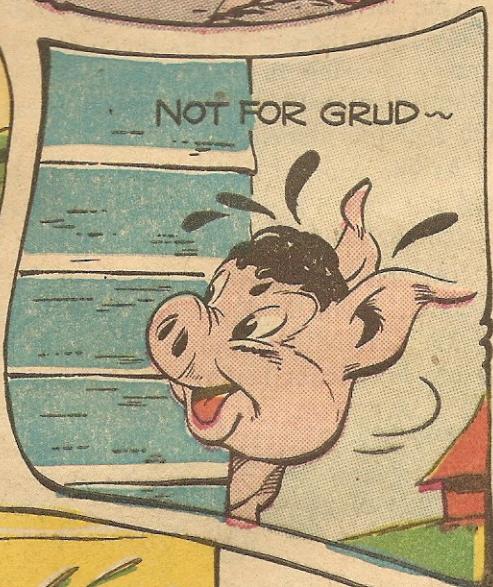
HIS FRIENDS JOINED IN
SHOUTING
"HEY, GRUD - SWELL
MUD!"



"NOT FOR ME!"



NOT FOR GRUD~



FOR GRUD
SIMPLY
COULDN'T
STAND
MUD!

LEAPIN' LENA

Lena was a very young, light-hearted lamb who loved to hop and skip in the grassy fields. One day, her uncle, a wise, experienced old sheep, remarked to her, "Lena, my child, you must be very careful! Not far from here, in the craggy mountain slopes, there lives a nasty, HUNGRY wolf! If he should ever catch you out in the meadow, alone and unprotected, you will be nothing but LAMB CHOPS!"

But Lena would not listen to her old uncle. "I will dance and gambol to my heart's content," she said, "and not worry about any old wicked wolf!"

One afternoon, young Lena wandered away from the rest of the sheep to a little grassy clearing in the sunshine. "What a beautiful place!" she exclaimed. "It makes me feel like dancing!"

As she whirled and twirled, poor Lena did not notice a pair of hungry red eyes, watching her from among the bushes.

"At last this tender young lamb is ALONE!" thought the vicious wolf. "THIS IS MY CHANCE!" And he moved forward to see his victim better.



At the sound of the rustling bushes, Lena turned. "Do I see what I think I see?" she asked herself in a panic. "Those eyes! They must belong to that nasty wolf uncle was talking about! I MUST ESCAPE!"

Quickly, Lena swiveled on her nimble little feet and dashed up a stony mountainside. "Oh, dear!" she panted. "I DO wish I had listened to uncle!"

"AHA!" shouted the wolf triumphantly. "She is frightened. She will run towards the flock and I shall be able to have MORE THAN ONE for supper!"

Higher and higher, faster and faster, climbed Lena, with the hungry wolf hot on her trail. "I shall soon be at the very peak of this mountain," the little lamb thought, "and THEN where will I be?"

So saying, Lena reached the topmost peak and there was no place she could run. The wolf was drawing very close now, and she could hear him puffing and panting away.

"There is only ONE place to go now!" Lena decided. "I shall have to make a SUPREME EFFORT!"

For an instant, she stood on the tips of her dainty hooves. And then . . . with a brief backward glance . . . SHE JUMPED!

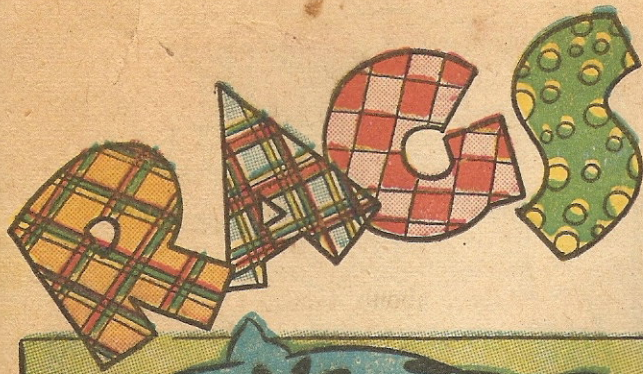
"I MADE IT!" she exulted, looking down at the deep Gulf she had spanned. "Now, if I can just get DOWN this mountain . . ."

Just then, a wild cry split the air. Whirling around, Lena was just in time to see the red-eyed wolf go catapulting down the precipice to his doom!

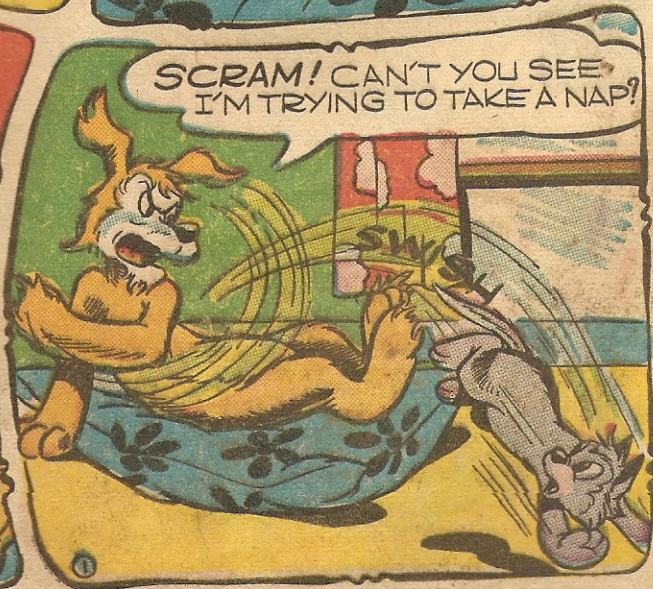
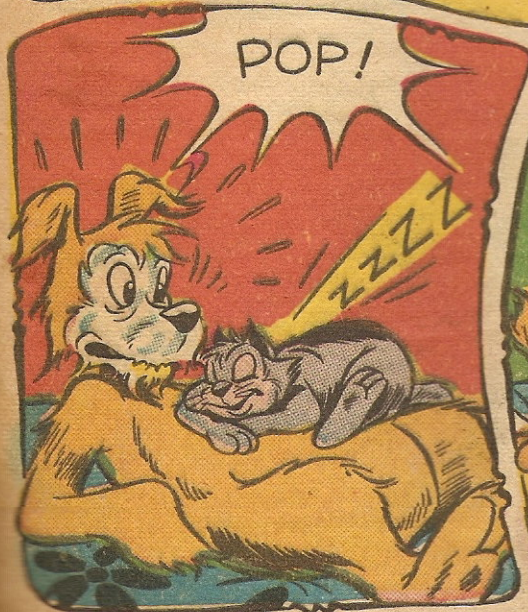
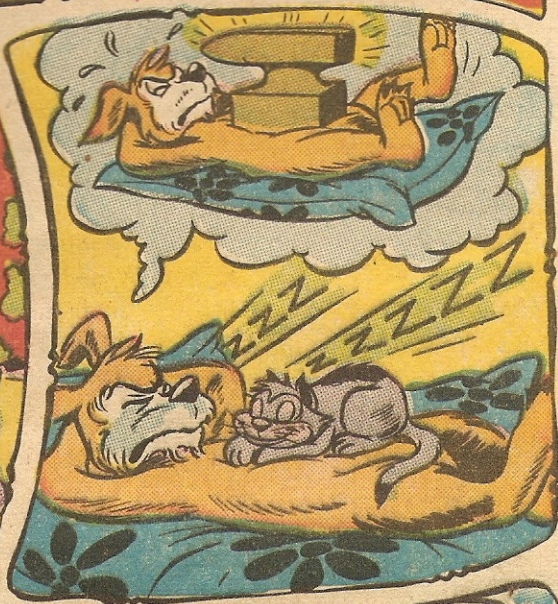
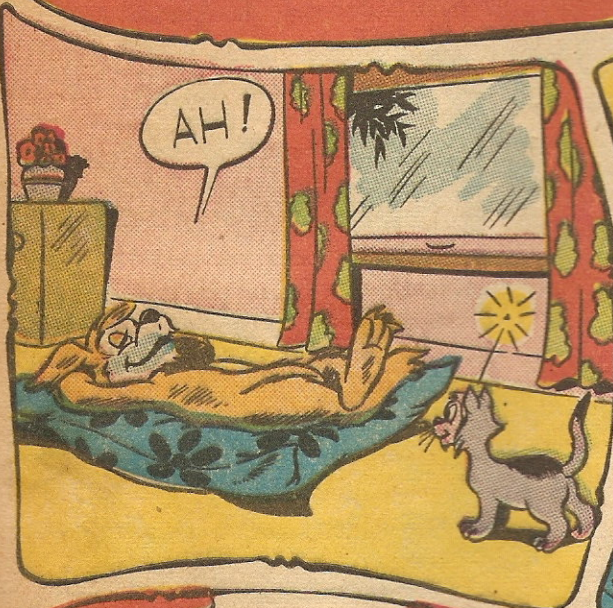
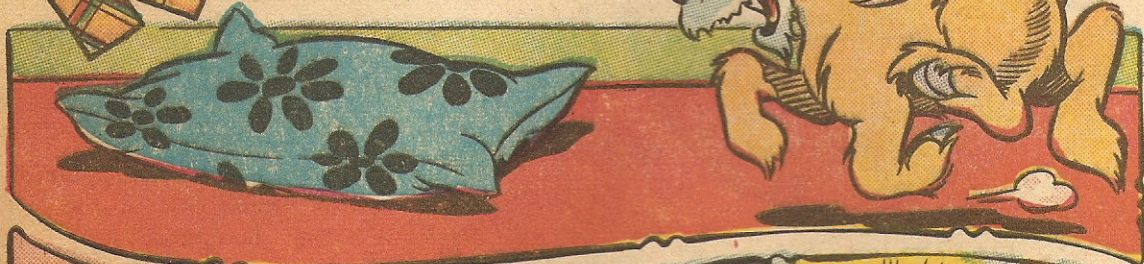
"I'M SAFE!" shouted Lena. "We're ALL safe! I wonder what uncle will say NOW!"

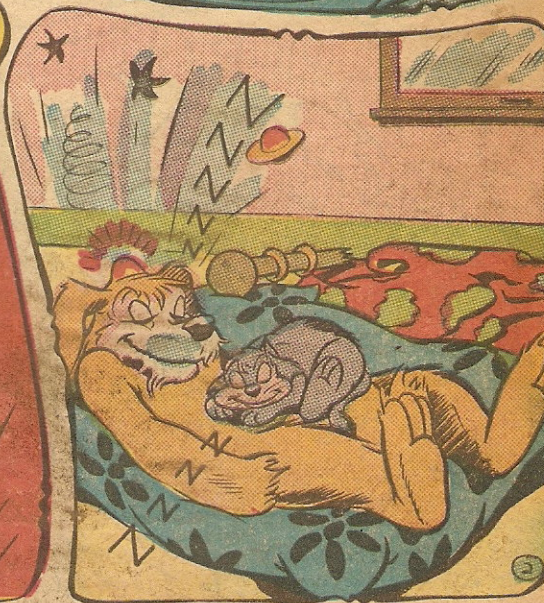
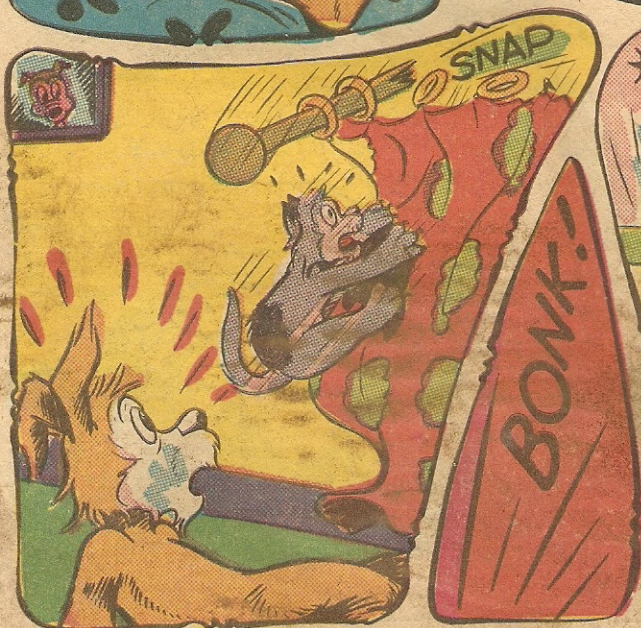
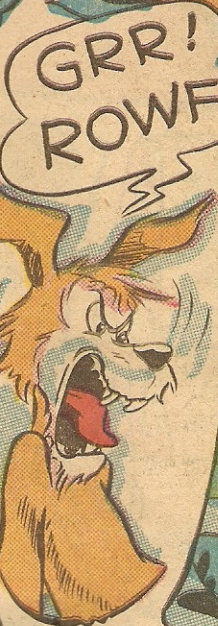
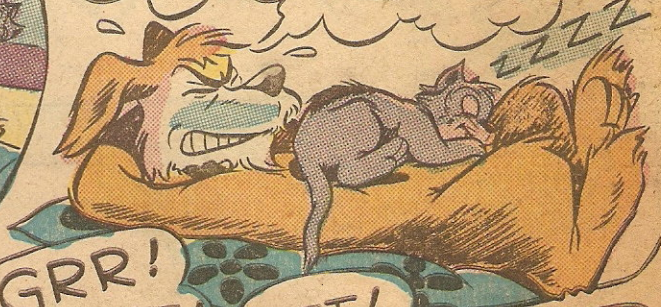
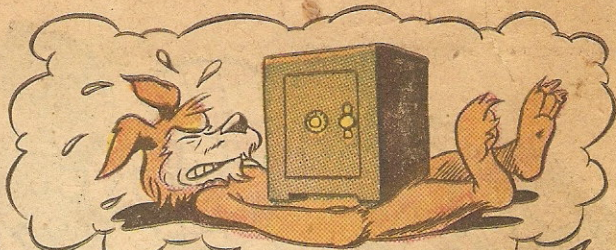
When the wise old sheep heard of the wolf's death, he smiled at Lena and said, "You've been a brave girl, my dear! But perhaps you will admit now that it is good to have a WISE HEAD AS WELL AS NIMBLE FEET!"

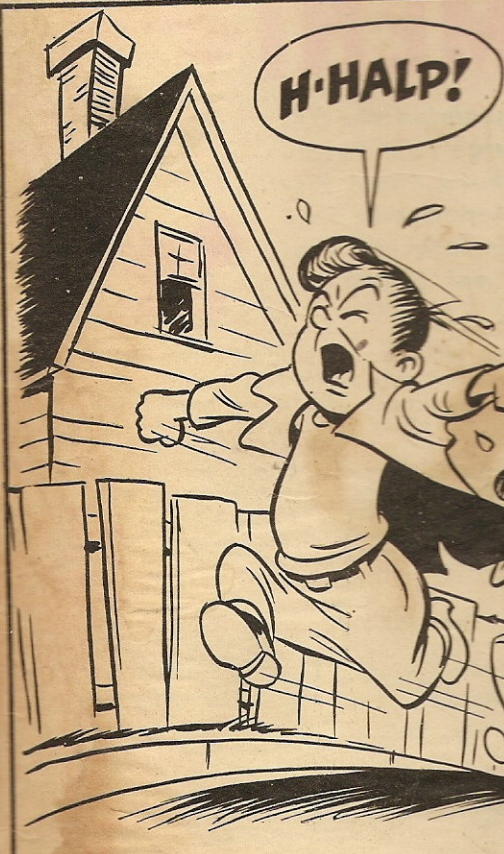
And Lena agreed!



OH, BROTHER! A
NICE, SOFT PILLOW--
AND AM I TIRED!
ME FOR A NICE NAP!







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